



**S**IGOURNEY'S

POETICAL

**W**ORKS





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*Lydia H. Sigourney.*



P O E M S

BY

ALICE H. B. STEPHENS.



NEW YORK

ALLEN BROTHERS.



# ILLUSTRATED POEMS

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WITH

DESIGNS BY FELIX O. C. DARLEY,

ENGRAVED BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.



NEW YORK :  
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To Samuel Rogers,

THE MOST VENERABLE POET OF EUROPE,

AND THE FRIEND OF AMERICA,

WHOSE STRAINS, READ IN THE SOLITUDE OF EARLY YEARS,

AND WHOSE KIND WORDS TO THE STRANGER IN HIS OWN HOME

ARE ALIKE HELD AMONG THE

"Pleasures of Stormy,"

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



## P R E F A C E.

THE edition now presented to the public comprises selections from previous volumes, poems that have appeared only in a fugitive form, and others that have never before been indebted to the ministry of the press.

It is hoped that its tripartite character may not be displeasing to the reader, since the genius of the artist and the taste of the publisher have lent their powerful aid to render it attractive. In the alcove of the library, on the centre-table of the matron, to the ear of the young and beautiful, it shall breathe only pure thoughts, like the dew-drops lingering upon the rose. May it be found worthy to touch some chord of that spirit-intercourse, to be perfected in a clime where the rose never fades, and the music-strain is immortal.





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DESIGNED BY DARLEY.

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## PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHORESS.

*(To face Title.)*

ENGRAVED BY CHENEY AND ARMSTRONG FROM A MINIATURE  
BY FREEMAN.

## A LANDSCAPE.

*(Title-Page.)*

ENGRAVED BY W. H. DOUGAL.

## THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“Soft tales have lovers told  
Into the thrilling ear,  
Till midnight's witching hour wax'd old,  
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near.”

*The Ancient Family Clock, p. 55.*

## THE SCOTTISH WEAVER.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“Yet joyous was the hour when they,  
With shout and gambol fleet,  
Went bounding from the cottage door  
The approaching sire to greet.”

*The Scottish Weaver, p. 122.*

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

ENGRAVED BY HUMPHRYS AND WILLMORE.

“No. When the groves  
In fleeting colours wrote their own decay,  
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpen'd blast  
That sang their dirge.”

*The Indian Summer, p. 141.*

## ERIN'S DAUGHTER.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“Poor Erin's daughter cross'd the main  
In youth's unfolding prime,  
A lot of servitude to bear  
In this our western clime.”

*Erin's Daughter, p. 175.*

## THE AGED PASTOR.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

"Often have we hush'd  
 The shrillest echo of our holiday,  
 Turning our mirth to reverence as he pass'd,  
 And eager to record one favouring smile,  
 Or word paternal."

*Recollections of an Aged Pastor, p. 249*

## THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

ENGRAVED BY R. HINSHELWOOD

"A while he paused  
 And set his burden down, just where the path  
 Grew more precipitous, and wiped his brow  
 With his worn sleeve."

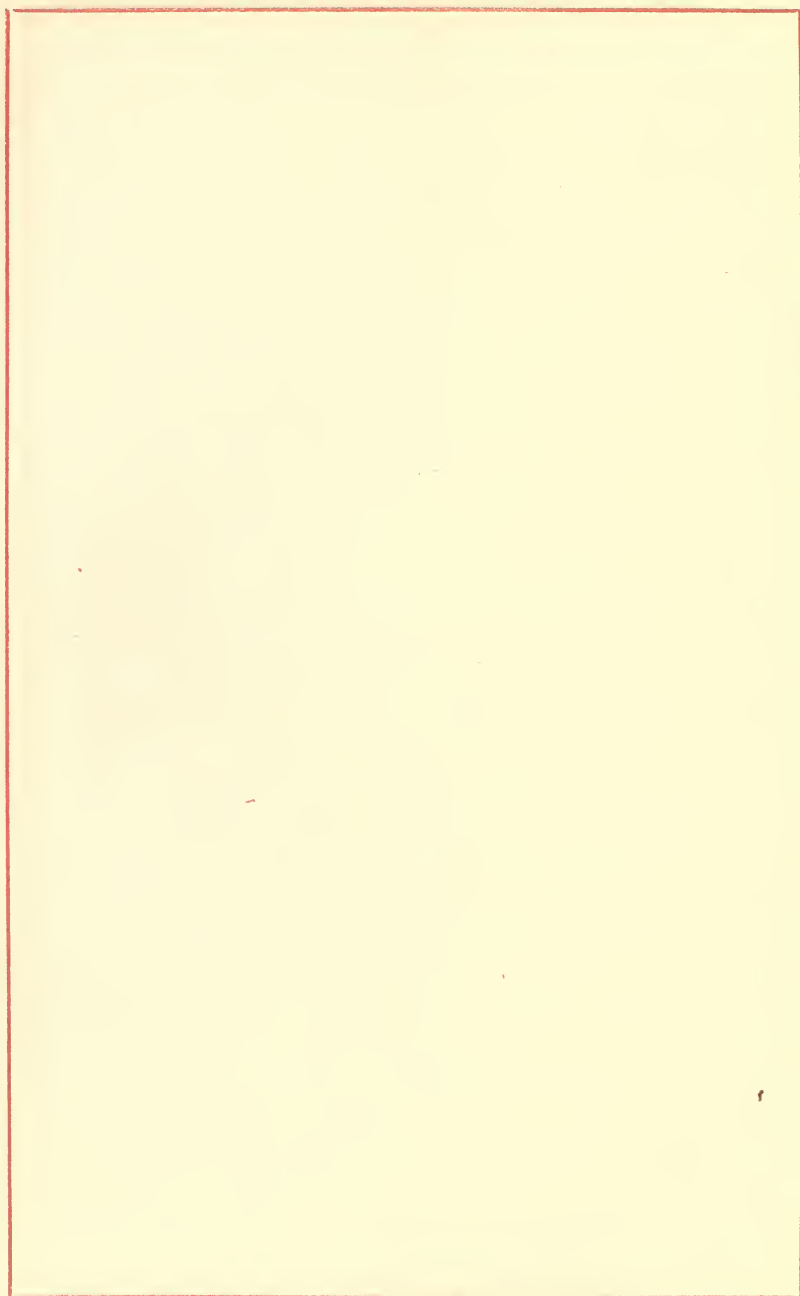
*The Divided Burden, p. 311.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

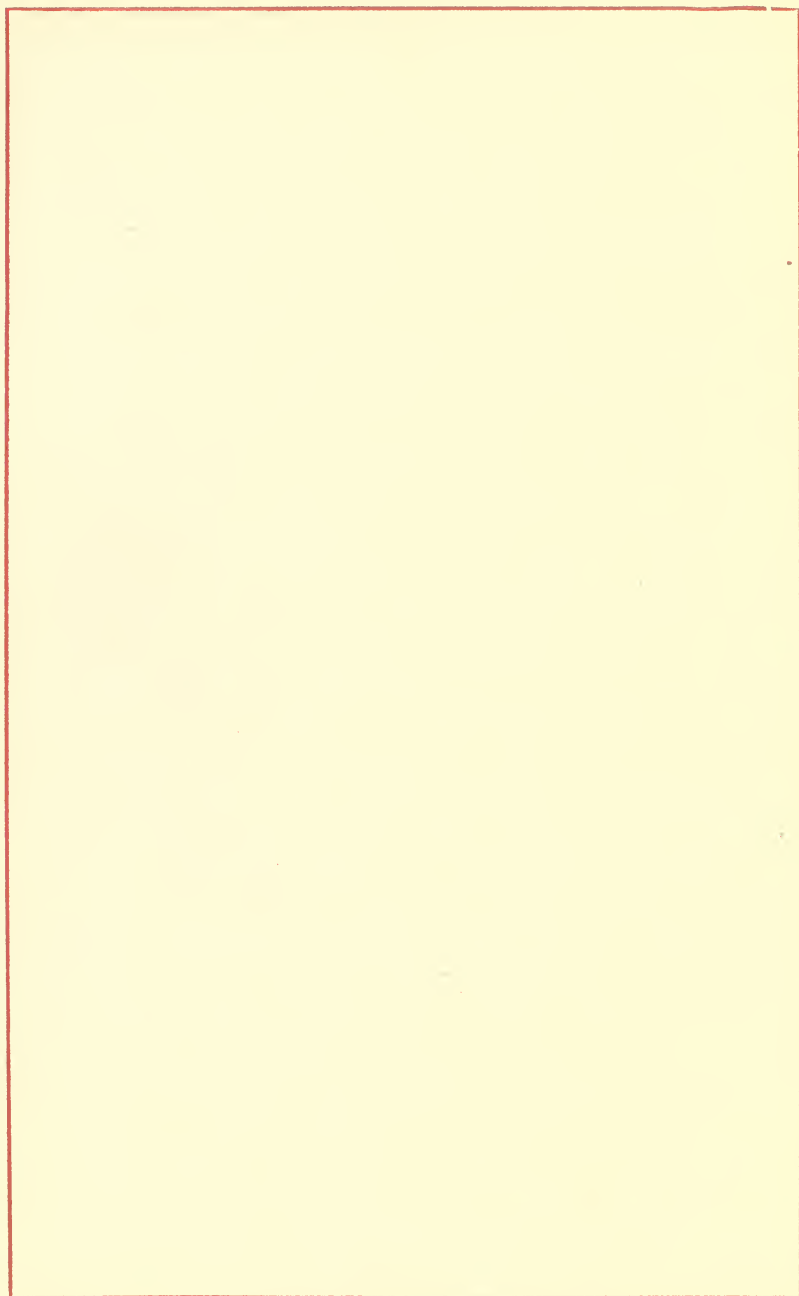
"I saw a gentle maid with beauty bless'd,  
 In youth resplendent, and by love caress'd  
 Her clustering hair in sunny ringlets glow'd,  
 Her red lips moved, and thrilling music flow'd."

*Mutations, p. 380.*





P O E M S.



# MRS. SIGOURNEY'S POEMS

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## ORISK A.

FAR in the west, where still the red man held  
His rights unrifled, dwelt an aged chief,  
With his young daughter. Joyous as a bird,  
She found her pastime mid the forest shades,  
Or with a graceful vigour urged her skiff  
O'er the bright waters. The bold warriors mark'd  
Her opening charms, but deem'd her still a child,  
Or fear'd from their grave kingly chief to ask  
The darling of his age.

A stranger came  
To traffic with the people, and amass  
Those costly furs which in his native clime  
Transmute so well to gold. The blood of France  
Was in his veins, and on his lips the wile  
That wins the guileless heart. Ofttimes at eve  
He sought the chieftain's dwelling, and allured

The gentle girl to listen to his tale,  
Well framed and eloquent. With practised glance  
He saw the love-flush on her olive cheek  
Make answer to him, though the half-hid brow  
Droop'd mid its wealth of tresses.

“Ah! I know  
That thou dost love to please me. Thou hast put  
Thy splendid coronet of feathers on.  
How its rich crimson dazzles mid thy locks,  
Black as the raven's wing! Thy bracelets, too!  
Who told thee thou wert beautiful? Hast seen  
Thy queenly features in yon mirror'd lake?  
Bird of the Sioux! let my nest be thine,  
And I will sing thee melodies that make  
Midnight like morn.”

With many a spell he charm'd  
Her trusting innocence; the dance, the song,  
The legend, and the lay of other lands;  
And patient taught his pupil's lip to wind  
The maze of words with which his native tongue  
Refines the thought. The hoary chieftain frown'd;  
But when the smooth Canadian press'd his suit  
To be adopted by the tribe, and dwell  
Among them, as a brother and a son,—  
And when the indulgent sire observant read  
The timid pleading of Oriska's eye,—

He gave her tenderly, with sacred rites,  
In marriage to the stranger.

Their sweet bower

Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,  
O'er-canopied with trees, where countless birds  
Carol'd unwearied, the gay squirrel leap'd,  
And the wild-bee went singing to his work,  
Satiated with luxury. Through matted grass,  
With silver foot, a frolic fountain stole,  
Still track'd by deepening greenness, while afar  
The mighty prairie met the bending skies,—  
A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves were flowers.

Nor lack'd their lowly dwelling such device  
Of comfort, or adornment, as the hand  
Of gentle woman, sedulous to please,  
Creates for him she loves. For she had hung  
Attentive on his lips, while he described  
The household policy of prouder climes;  
And with such varied and inventive skill  
Caught the suggestions of his taste refined,  
That the red people, wondering as they gazed  
On curtain'd window and on flower-crown'd vase,  
Carpet and cushion'd chair, and board arranged  
With care unwonted, call'd her home the court  
Of their French princess.

A rich clustering vine  
Crept o'er their porch, and 'neath its fragrant shade  
Oriska sang her evening melodies,  
Tuneful and clear and deep, the echoed truth  
Of her soul's happiness. Her highest care  
And dearest pleasure was to make his lot  
Delightful to her lord; and he, well pleased  
With the simplicity of fervent love,  
And the high honour paid a chieftain's son,  
Roam'd with the hunters at his will, or brought  
Birdlings of brilliant plume, as trophies home  
To his young bride.

Months fled, and with them change  
Stole o'er his love. And when Oriska mark'd  
The shadow darkening on his brow, she fear'd  
The rudeness of her nation, or perchance  
Her ignorance had err'd, and strove to do  
His will more perfectly. And though his moods  
Of harshness or disdain chill'd every joy,  
She blamed him not, for unto her he seem'd  
A higher being of a nobler race;  
And she was proud and happy, might she bathe  
His temples in some fit of transient pain,  
Or by a menial's toil advance the feast  
Which still she shared not. When his step was heard,  
She bade her beating heart be still, and smooth'd

The shining tresses he was wont to praise,  
And fondly hasting, raised her babe to meet  
His father's eye, contented if the smile  
That once was hers might beam upon his child:—  
But that last solace fail'd, and the cold glance  
Contemptuously repress'd her toil of love.  
And then he came no more.

But as she watch'd  
Night after night, and question'd every hour,  
How bitterly those weeks and years were notch'd  
Upon the broken tablet of the soul,  
By that forsaken wife.

Calm moonlight touch'd  
A fair Canadian landscape. Roof and spire,  
And broad umbrageous tree, were saturate  
With liquid lustre. O'er a lordly dome,  
Whose halls had late with bridal pomp been gay,  
The silvery curtains of the summer night  
Were folded quietly.

A music-sound  
Broke forth abruptly from its threshold stone,  
Shrill and unearthly—not the serenade,  
That thrills on beauty's ear, but a bold strain,  
Loud even to dissonance, and oft prolonged  
In low, deep cadence, wonderfully sad,—  
The wild song of the Sioux. He who first

Awaking, caught that mournful melody,  
 Shudder'd with icy terror, as he threw  
 His mantle o'er him, and rush'd madly forth  
 Into the midnight air.

“Hence! Leave my door!  
 I know thee not, dark woman! Hence away!”

“Ah! let me hear that voice! How sweet its tones  
 Fall on my ear, although the words are stern.  
 Say! know'st thou not this boy? Whose eyes are these?  
 Those chestnut clusters round the lifted brow,—  
 Said'st thou not in his cradle they were thine?”

“How cam'st thou here, Oriska?”

“We have trod  
 A weary way. My father and his men  
 Came on the business of their tribe, and I,  
 Unto whose soul the midnight and the morn  
 Have been alike for years, roam'd restlessly  
 A wanderer in their train, leading our boy.  
 My highest hope was but to hear, perchance,  
 That thou didst live; and lo! a blessed guide  
 Hath shown me to thy home.”

“Oriska, go!  
 I have a bride. Thou canst not enter here—  
 I'll come to thee to-morrow.”



“*Wilt thou come?*”

The white-hair'd chief, I fear me, fades away  
Unto the Spirit-land!”

“I bid thee hence,  
To thine abode. Have I not said to thee  
I'll come to-morrow?”

With a heavy heart,  
Through silent streets, the sad-brow'd woman went,  
Leading her child.

Morn came, and day declined,  
Yet still he came not. By her sire she watch'd,  
O'er whose dull eye a filmy shadow stole,  
While to her troubled question no reply  
Rose from his palsied lip. Nature and age  
Slept wearily and long. The second eve  
Darken'd the skies, when lo! a well-known step—  
*He* stood before her.

“Was it kind of thee,  
Oriska, thus to break my bridal hour  
With thy strange, savage music?”

“Was thy wife  
Angry at the poor Indian? Not to speak  
Harsh words I came: I would not think of thee  
A thought of blame. But oh! mine aged sire,  
Thou see'st him dying in this stranger-land,  
Far from his fathers' graves. Be thou a friend

When he is gone and I am desolate.  
 Make me a household servant to thy wife.  
 I'll bring her water from the purest spring,  
 And plant the corn, and ply the flying oar,  
 And never be impatient or require  
 Payment from her, nor kind regard from thee.  
 I will not call thee husband,—though thou taught'st  
 My stammering lip that word when love was young,—  
 Nor ask one pitying look or favouring tone,  
 Or aught, except to serve and pray for thee  
 To the Great Spirit. And this boy shall do  
 Her will, and thine."

The pale face turn'd away  
 With well-dissembled anger, though remorse  
 Gnaw'd at his callous bosom!

"Urge me not:

It cannot be!"

Even more he might have said  
 Basely and bitterly, but lo! the chief  
 Cast off the ice of death, and on his bed,  
 With clenched hand and quivering lip, uprose:—

"*His* curse be on thee! He, who knoweth where  
 The lightnings hide!"

Around the old man's neck  
 Fond arms were wildly thrown. "Oh, curse him not!

The father of my boy." And blinding tears  
Fell down so fast, she mark'd not with what haste  
The white-brow'd recreant fled.

"I tell thee, child,  
The cold black gall-drop in a traitor's soul  
Doth make a curse. And though I curse him not,  
The sun shall hate him, and the waters turn  
To poison in his veins.

But light grows dim.  
Go back to thine own people. Look no more  
On him whom I have cursed, and lay my bones  
Where my dead fathers sleep."

A hollow groan,  
Wrung by extremest agony, broke forth  
From the old chieftain's breast.

"Daughter, I go  
To the Great Spirit."

O'er that breathless clay  
Bow'd down the desolate woman. No complaint,  
No sigh of grief burst forth. The tear went back  
To its deep fountain. Lip and fringed lid  
Trembled no more than in the statued bronze,  
Nor shrank one truant nerve, as o'er her pass'd  
The asphyxia of the heart.

Day after day,  
O'er wild and tangled forest, moved a train,

Bearing with smitten hearts their fallen chief ;  
And next the bier a silent woman trod,  
A child's young hand forever clasp'd in hers,  
And on her lip no sound. Long was the way,  
Ere the low roof-trees of their tribe they saw  
Sprinkling the green ; and loud the funeral wail  
Rose for the honour'd dead, who, in his youth,  
Their battles led, and in his wintry years  
Had won that deeper reverence, which so well  
The forest-sons might teach our wiser race  
To pay to hoary age. Beneath the mounds,  
Where slept his ancient sires, they laid him down ;  
And there the gather'd nation mourn'd their sire,  
In the wild passion of untutor'd grief ;  
Then smoothed the pillow'd turf, and went their way.

---

Who is yon woman, in her dark canoe,  
Who strangely towards Niagara's fearful gulf  
Floats on unmoved ?

Firm and erect she stands,  
Clad in such bridal costume as befits  
The daughter of a king. Tall, radiant plumes  
Wave o'er her forehead, and the scarlet tinge  
Of her embroider'd mantle, fleck'd with gold,  
Dazzles amid the flood. Scarce heaves her breast,

As though the spirit of that dread abyss, -  
In terrible sublimity, had quell'd  
All thought of earthly things.

Fast by her side  
Stands a young, wondering boy, and from his lip,  
Blanching with terror, steals the frequent cry  
Of "Mother! Mother!"

But she answereth not.  
She speaks no more to aught of earth, but pours  
To the Great Spirit, fitfully and wild,  
The death-song of her people. High it rose  
Above the tumult of the tide that bore  
The victims to their doom. The boy beheld  
The strange, stern beauty in his mother's eye,  
And held his breath for awe.

Her song grew faint,—  
And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,  
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,  
She raised him in her arms, and clasp'd him close.  
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove  
Down toward the unfathom'd gulf, while chilling spray  
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head  
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,  
With a low, stifled sob.

And thus they took  
Their awful pathway to eternity.—

One ripple on the mighty river's brink,  
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge,  
And at the foot of that most dire abyss  
One gleam of fitting robe and raven tress  
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,  
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge  
Sounding their epitaph!

## THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

FROM ST. HELENA.

Ho! City of the gay!  
Paris! what festal rite  
Doth call thy thronging million forth,  
All eager for the sight?  
Thy soldiers line the streets  
In fix'd and stern array,  
With buckled helm and bayonet,  
As on the battle-day.

By square, and fountain side,  
Heads in dense masses rise,  
And tower and battlement and tree  
Are studded thick with eyes.  
Comes there some conqueror home  
In triumph from the fight,  
With spoil and captives in his train,  
The trophies of his might?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows!  
A martial host are nigh,  
France pours in long succession forth  
Her pomp of chivalry.  
No clarion marks their way,  
No victor trump is blown;  
Why march they on so silently,  
Told by their tread alone?

Behold! in glittering show,  
A gorgeous car of state!  
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,  
Bow down beneath its weight;  
And the noble war-horse, led  
Caparison'd along,  
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,  
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?  
The incense flameth high,—  
Comes there some demi-god of old?  
No answer!—No reply!  
Who rideth on yon car?—  
No shout his minions raise,  
But by a lofty chapel dome  
The muffled hero stays.



A king is standing there,  
And with uncover'd head  
Receives him in the name of France:  
Receiveth whom?—*The dead!*  
Was he not buried deep  
In island-cavern drear;  
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?  
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him  
Beneath a peaceful pall,  
That thus he brake his stony tomb,  
Ere the strong angel's call?  
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,  
A deep, soul-thrilling strain!  
An echo, never to be heard  
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,  
Whose fiat millions slew,  
The soaring eagle of the Alps,  
The crush'd at Waterloo:—  
The banish'd who return'd,  
The dead who rose again,  
And rode in his shroud the billows proud  
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,  
That warrior strong and bold,  
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,  
Upon his ashes cold,  
While round those columns proud  
The blazon'd banners wave,  
That on a hundred fields he won,  
With the heart's-blood of the brave;

And sternly there kept guard  
His veterans scarr'd and old,  
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge  
Or purple Leipsic told.  
Yes, there, with arms reversed,  
Slow pacing, night and day,  
Close watch beside the coffin kept  
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow,—  
Is it sorrow for the dead?  
Or memory of the fearful strife  
Where their country's legions fled?  
Of Borodino's blood?  
Of Beresina's wail?  
The horrors of that dire retreat,  
Which turn'd old History pale?

---

A cloud is on their brow,—  
Is it sorrow for the dead?  
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft  
By Russian tempests sped?  
Where countless mounds of snow  
Mark'd the poor conscripts' grave,  
And, pierced by frost and famine, sank  
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps  
The gather'd darkness mock,  
And velvet drapes his hearse, who died  
On bare Helena's rock;  
And from the altar near,  
A never-ceasing hymn  
Is lifted by the chanting priests  
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious one, and proud!  
In the land where shadows reign,  
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those  
Who at thy nod were slain?  
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host  
Like a rushing blast shall be,  
What will thine answer be to them?  
And what thy God's to thee?

## UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE is slow. The mastery of wants  
Doth teach it to the infant, drop by drop,  
As brooklets gather.

Years of studious toil  
Unfold its classic labyrinths to the boy;  
Perchance its idioms and its sequences  
May wear the shadow of the lifted rod,  
And every rule of syntax leave its tear  
For Memory's tablet.

He who would acquire  
The speech of many lands, must make the lamp  
His friend at midnight, while his fellows sleep,  
Bartering to dusty lexicons and tomes  
The hour-glass of his life.

Yet, there's a lore,  
Simple and sure, that asks no discipline  
Of weary years,—the language of the soul,  
Told through the eye.

The mother speaks it well

To the unfolding spirit of her babe,  
 The lover to the lady of his heart,  
 At the soft twilight hour, the parting soul  
 Unto the angels hovering o'er its couch,  
 With Heaven's high welcome.

Oft the stammering lip

Marreth the perfect thought, and the dull ear  
 Doth err in its more tortuous embassy;  
 But the heart's lightning hath no obstacle;  
 Quick glances, like the thrilling wires, transfuse  
 The telegraphic thought.

The wily tongue,

To achieve its purpose, may disguise itself,  
 Oft, 'neath a glozing mask; and written speech  
 Invoke the pomp of numbers to enrich  
 Its dialect; but this ambassador  
 From soul to sense may wear the plainest suit,—  
 Ebon or hazel, azure-tint or gray,  
 It matters not: the signet-ring of truth  
 Doth give him credence.—

Once, old Ocean raged;

And a vex'd ship, by maddening waves impell'd,  
 Rush'd on the breakers. Mid the wild turmoil  
 Of rock and wave, the trumpet-clang, and tramp  
 Of hurrying seamen, and the fearful shock  
 With which the all-astonish'd mind resigns

The hope of life, a mother with her babe  
Sate in the cabin. He was all to her,  
The sole companion of her watery way,  
And nestling towards her bosom, raised his face  
Upward to hers.

Her raven hair fell down  
In masses o'er her shoulders, while her eyes  
Fix'd with such deep intensity, that his  
Absorb'd their rays of thought, and seem'd to draw  
The soul mature, with all its burdening cares,  
Its wondrous knowledge, and mysterious strength,  
Into his baby-bosom.

Word nor sound  
Pass'd 'tween that mother and her youngling child,—  
Too young to syllable the simplest name,—  
And yet, methought, they interchanged a vow  
Calmly beneath the unfathomable deep  
Together to go down, and that her arm  
Should closely clasp him mid its coral caves.  
The peril pass'd; but the deep eloquence  
Of that communion might not be forgot.

---

A youth and maiden, on the banks of Tweed,  
Roved, mid the vernal flowers. At distance rose  
The towers of Abbotsford, among the trees,

Which he, the great magician, who at will  
Could summon "spirits from the vasty deep,"  
Had loved to plant.

Methought of him they spake,  
Disporting in the fields of old romance  
With Ivanhoe, or the proud knight who fell  
At Flodden-field. Then, as the sun drew low,  
They sate them down, where the fresh heather grew,  
Listing, perchance, the descant of the birds,  
Or ripple of the stream. The hazel eye  
Of the young dweller 'neath the Eildon-Hills  
Perused the fair one's brow, till o'er it stole  
A deeper colouring than the rose-leaf tinge.  
—Speech there was none, nor gesture, yet the depth  
Of some unutter'd dialect did seem  
Well understood by them. And so they rose,  
And went their way.

There was a crowded kirk,  
But not for Sabbath worship. With the train  
Was more of mirth than might, perchance, beseem  
Such sacred place. Wreaths too there were, and knots  
Of marriage-favour, and a group that prest  
Before the altar. And the trembling lip  
Of that young white-robed bride, murmuring the vow  
To love till death should part, interpreted

That strong and voiceless language of the eye  
Upon the banks of Tweed.—

I had a friend  
Beloved in halcyon days, whom stern disease  
Smote ere her prime.

In curtain'd room she dwelt,  
A lingerer, while each waning moon convey'd  
Some treasured leaflet of our hope away.  
The power that with the tissued lungs doth dwell,  
Sweetly to wake the modulating lip,  
Was broken,—but the violet-tinctured eye  
Acquired new pathos.

When the life-tide crept  
Cold through its channels, o'er her couch I bent.  
There was no sound. But in the upraised glance  
Her loving heart held converse, as with forms  
Not of this outer world. Unearthly smiles  
Gave earnest beauty to the pallid brow;  
While ever and anon the emaciate hand  
Spread its white fingers, as it fain would clasp  
Some object hovering near.

The last faint tone  
Was a fond sister's name, one o'er whose grave  
The turf of years had gather'd. Was she there,—  
That disembodied dear one? Did she give



---

The kiss of welcome to the occupant  
Of her own infant cradle?

So 'twould seem.

But that fix'd eye no further answer deign'd,  
Its earthly mission o'er. Henceforth it spake  
The spirit-lore of immortality.

## NO CONCEALMENT.

“There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known.”

ST. MATTHEW.

THINK'ST thou to be conceal'd, thou little stream !  
That through the lowly vale dost wind thy way,  
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide  
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gray ?  
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course  
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green  
Tingeth thy marge, and the white flocks that haste  
At summer-noon, to drink thy crystal sheen,  
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day ;  
And then thy smiling answer to the moon,  
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,  
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon.  
How couldst thou hope, in such a world as this,  
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss ?

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little seed !

That in the bosom of the earth art cast,  
And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st awhile,  
Unmoved by trampling storm, or thunder blast ?  
Thou bidest thy time, for herald spring shall come  
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,  
Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,  
And stir the languid pulses of thy heart.  
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews  
Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art aware,  
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,  
The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air ;  
And soon, to all, thy ripen'd fruitage tells  
The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little thought !

That in the curtain'd chamber of the soul  
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do  
A hidden work ? Look to the hues that roll  
O'er the changed brow, the moving lip behold,  
Linking thee unto sound, the feet that run  
Upon thine errands, and the deeds that stamp  
Thy likeness plain before the noonday sun.  
Look to the pen that writes thy history down  
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose

Until the Day of Doom; and blush to see  
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,  
Where all things tend to judgment. So beware,  
Oh erring human heart, what thoughts thou lodgest there.

## ABRAHAM AT MACHPELAH.

DENSELY wrapp'd in shades,  
Olive and terebinth, its vaulted door  
Fleck'd with the untrain'd vine and matted grass,  
Behold Machpelah's cave.

Hark! hear we not  
A voice of weeping? Lo, yon aged man  
Bendeth beside his dead. Wave after wave  
Of memory rises, till his lonely heart  
Sees all its treasures floating on the flood,  
Like rootless weeds.

The earliest dawn of love  
Is present with him, and a form of grace  
Whose beauty held him ever in its thrall:  
And then the morn of marriage, gorgeous robes,  
And dulcet music, and the rites that bless  
The Eastern bride. Full many a glowing scene,  
Made happy by her tenderness, returns  
To mock his solitude.

Again their home

Gleams through the oaks of Mamre. There he sat,  
Rendering due rites of hospitality  
To guests who bore the folded wing of heaven  
Beneath their vestments. And her smile was there  
Among the angels.

When her clustering curls  
Wore Time's chill hoar-frost, with what glad surprise,  
What holy triumph of exulting faith,  
He saw, fresh blooming in her wither'd arms,  
A fair young babe, the heir of all his wealth.  
Forever blending with that speechless joy  
Which thrill'd his soul when first a father's name  
Fell on his ear, is that pale, placid brow  
O'er which he weeps.

Yet had he seen it wear  
Another semblance, tinged with hues of thought,  
Perchance, unlovely, in that trial-hour  
When to sad Hagar's mute, reproachful eye  
He answer'd nought, but on her shoulder bound  
The cruse of water and the loaf, and sent  
Her and her son, unfriended wanderers forth  
Into the wilderness.

Say, who can mourn  
Over the smitten idol, by long years  
Cemented with his being, yet perceive  
No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,

---

Troubling the tear? If there were no kind deed  
Omitted, no sweet healing word of love  
Expected, yet unspoken; no sharp tone,  
That jarr'd discordant on the quivering nerve,  
For which the weeper fain would rend the tomb  
To cry, "Forgive!" oh! let him kneel and praise  
God amid all his grief.

We may not say  
If aught of penitence was in the pang  
That wrung his labouring breast, while o'er the dust  
Of Sarah, at Machpelah's waiting tomb,  
The proud and princely Abraham bow'd him down,  
A mourning stranger, mid the sons of Heth.

## THE NEEDLE, PEN, AND SWORD.

WHAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,  
Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?—

“I have been in Paradise, stainless and fair,  
And fitted the apron of fig-leaves there,  
To the form of its fallen queen.

“The mantles and wimples, the hoods and veils,  
That the belles of Judah wore,  
When their haughty mien and their glance of fire  
Enkindled the eloquent prophet’s ire,  
I help’d to fashion of yore.

“The beaded belt of the Indian maid  
I have deck’d with as true a zeal  
As the gorgeous ruff of the knight of old,  
Or the monarch’s mantle of purple and gold,  
Or the satrap’s broider’d heel.

“I have lent to Beauty new power to reign,  
At bridal and courtly hall,



Or wedded to Fashion, have help'd to bind  
Those gossamer links, that the strongest mind  
Have sometimes held in thrall.

“I have drawn a blood-drop, round and red,  
From the finger small and white  
Of the startled child, as she strove with care  
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,  
But wept at my puncture bright.

“I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,  
As my utmost speed she plied,  
To shield from winter her children dear,  
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,  
While they slumber'd at her side.

“I have heard in the hut of the pining poor  
The shivering inmate's sigh,  
When faded the warmth of her last, faint brand,  
As slow from her cold and clammy hand  
She let me drop,—*to die!*”

---

What dost thou know, thou gray goose-quill?—  
And methought, with a spasm of pride,  
It sprang from the inkstand, and flutter'd in vain,

Its nib to free from the ebon stain,  
As it fervently replied :

“*What do I know!*—Let the lover tell  
When into his secret scroll  
He poureth the breath of a magic lyre,  
And traceth those mystical lines of fire  
That move the maiden’s soul.

“*What do I know!*—The wife can say,  
As the leaden seasons move,  
And over the ocean’s wildest sway,  
A blessed missive doth wend its way,  
Inspired by a husband’s love.

“Do ye doubt my power? Of the statesman ask,  
Who buffets ambition’s blast,—  
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care,  
A flourish of mine hath sent him there,  
And lock’d his fetters fast ;

“And a flourish of mine can his prison ope,  
From the gallows its victim save,  
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,  
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,  
And to liberty lead the slave.

“Say, what were History, so wise and old,  
And Science that reads the sky?  
Or how could Music its sweetness store,  
Or Fancy and Fiction their treasures pour,  
Or what were Poesy’s heaven-taught lore,  
Should the pen its aid deny?”

“Oh, doubt if ye will, that the rose is fair,  
That the planets pursue their way,  
Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,  
Or the countless streams that to ocean run,  
But ask no more what the Pen hath done.”  
And it scornfully turn’d away.

---

What are thy deeds, thou fearful thing  
By the lordly warrior’s side?  
And the Sword answer’d, stern and slow,  
“The hearth-stone lone and the orphan know,  
And the pale and widow’d bride.

“The shriek and the shroud of the battle-cloud,  
And the field that doth reek below,  
The wolf that laps where the gash is red,  
And the vulture that tears ere the life hath fled,

And the prowling robber that strips the dead,  
And the foul hyena know.

“The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,  
And the grass that doth rankly grow  
O'er the rotting limb, and the blood-pool dark,  
Gaunt Famine that quenches life's lingering spark,  
And the black-wing'd Pestilence know.

“Death with the rush of his harpy-brood,  
Sad Earth in her pang and throe,  
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,  
And the throng of the souls sent, before their time,  
To the bar of the judgment—know.”

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath return'd,  
While the Needle sped on in peace,  
But the Pen traced out from a Book sublime  
The promise and pledge of that better time  
When the warfare of earth shall cease.

## THE THRUSH.

“I’LL pay my rent in music,” said a thrush  
Who took his lodging ’neath my eaves in spring,  
Where the thick foliage droop’d. And well he kept  
His simple contract. Not for quarter-day  
He coldly waited, nor a draft required  
To stir his memory, nor my patience tried  
With changeful currencies, but every morn  
Brought me good notes at par, and broke my sleep  
With his sweet-ringing coin.

Sometimes, a song,  
All wildly trilling through his dulcet pipes,  
Falling, and caught again, and still prolong’d,  
Betray’d in what green nook the warbler sat,  
Each feather quivering with excess of joy,  
While from his opening beak and brightening eye  
There seem’d to breathe a cadence, “This is meant  
For your especial benefit.” The lay  
With overruling shrillness more than once  
Did summon me to lay my book aside

And wait its close ; nor was that pause a loss,  
But seem'd to tune and shape the inward ear  
To wisdom's key-tone.

Then I had a share  
In softer songs, that cheer'd his brooding mate,  
Who, in the patience of good hope, did keep  
Her lengthen'd vigil ; and the voice of love  
That flow'd so fondly from his trusting soul  
Made glad mine own.

Then, too, there was a strain  
From blended throats, that to their callow young  
Breathed tenderness untold ; and the weak chirp  
Of new-born choristers, so deftly train'd,  
Each in the sweet way that he ought to go,  
Mix'd with that breath of household charities  
Which makes the spirit strong.

And so I felt  
My rent was fully paid, and thought myself  
Quite fortunate, in these our times, to find  
Such honest tenant.

But when autumn bade  
The northern birds to spread their parting wing,  
And that small house was vacant, and o'er hedge  
And russet grove and forest hoar with years  
The hush of silence settled, I grew sad  
To miss my kind musicians, and was fain

---

To patronize with a more fervent zeal  
Such fireside music as makes winter short,  
And storms unheard.

Yet leave within our hearts,  
Dear melodists, the spirit of your praise,  
Until ye come again ; and the brown nest,  
That now its downy lining to the winds  
Turns desolate, shall thrill at your return  
With the loud welcome home.

For He who touch'd  
Your breasts with minstrelsy, and every flower  
With beauty, hath a lesson for his sons,  
In all the varied garniture that decks  
Life's banquet-board ; and he's the wisest guest  
Who taketh gladly what his God doth send,  
Keeping each instrument of joy in tune  
That helps to fit him for the choir of heaven.

## THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

So here thou art, old friend,  
Ready thine aid to lend,  
    With honest face ;  
The gilded figures just as bright  
    Upon thy painted case,  
As when I ran with young delight  
    Their garniture to trace,  
And though forbid thy burnish'd robe to touch,  
Still gazed with folded hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sate  
    Near in her elbow-chair,  
    Teaching with patient care  
Life's young beginner, on thy dial plate  
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,  
And mark each hour with deeds of love ?  
Lo, she hath broke her league with time, and found the  
    rest above.







Soft tales have lovers told  
Into the thrilling ear.  
Till midnight's witching hour waxed old.  
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near.

---

Thrice welcome, ancient crone!  
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,  
And hear thy busy heart beat on.  
Come, tell old tales to me:  
Old tales such as I love, of hoar antiquity.

Thou hast good store, I trow,  
For laughing and for weeping,  
Things very strange to know,  
And none the worse for keeping.  
Soft tales have lovers told  
Into the thrilling ear,  
Till midnight's witching hour wax'd old,  
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,  
In thy sly corner hid sublime,  
With thy '*tick!*' '*tick!*' to warn how Time  
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,  
Yet fading ere the wreath which its fond votaries twine.

The unutter'd hopes and fears,  
The deep-drawn rapturous tears  
Of young paternity,  
Were chronicled by thee.  
The nursling's first faint cry,  
Which from a bright-hair'd girl of dance and song,  
The idol, incense-fed, of an adoring throng,

Did make a mother, with her quenchless eyes  
Of love, and truth, and trust, and holiest memories ;  
    As Death's sharp ministry  
Robeth an angel when the mortal dies.

    Thy quick vibrations caught  
        The cradled infant's ear,  
And while it scann'd thy face with curious fear,  
    Thou didst awake the new-born thought,  
        Peering through the humid eye,  
        Like star-beam in a misty sky ;  
Though the nurse, standing still more near,  
Mark'd but the body's growing wealth,  
    And praised that fair machine of clay,  
Working in mystery and health  
    Its wondrous way.

    Thy voice was like a knell,  
Chiming all mournful with the funeral bell,  
    When stranger-feet came gathering slow  
To see the master of the mansion borne  
    To that last home, the narrow and the low,  
    From whence is no return.

A laggard wert thou to the impatient breast  
Of watching lover, or long-parted wife,

Counting each moment while the day unblest,  
Like wounded snake, its length did draw ;  
    And blaming thee, as if the strife  
Of wild emotion should have been thy law,  
When thou wert pledged, in amity sublime,  
To crystal-breasted truth and sky-reporting time.

    Glad signal thou hast given  
For the gay bridal, when with flower-wreath'd hair  
    And flushing cheek, the youthful pair  
Stand near the priest with reverent air,  
    Dreaming that earth is heaven :—  
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair  
The green-wreath'd Christmas, and that other feast  
    With which the hard lot of colonial care  
    The pilgrim-sire besprinkled ; saving well  
The golden pumpkin and the fatted beast,  
    And round-cheek'd apple, with its luscious swell  
    Till, the thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,  
    He greets his children at his humble door,  
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous hoard,  
    As, gathering from their distant home,  
To knit their gladden'd hearts in love they come,  
Each with his youngling brood, round the gray father's  
    board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock!  
He in his cold grave sleeps; but thy slight wheels  
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,  
While o'er his name oblivion steals.

O Man! so prodigal of pride and praise,  
Thy works survive thee; dead machines perform  
Their revolution, while thy scythe-shorn days  
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm.  
How darest thou sport with Time, while he  
Plunges thee darkly in Eternity?

Haste! ere its awful wave engulf thy form,  
And make thy peace with Him, who rules above the  
storm.

## FRUITFUL AUTUMN.

AUTUMN grows pallid, and his bounteous course  
Draws near its close, while with a feeble hand  
He languidly divides to those around  
The last love-tokens.

A few brilliant wreaths—  
Woodbine and dahlia, tinged with berries red  
And twined with night-shade, and those snowy orbs  
That cluster mournful round their naked stems,  
He gives the children, and to older friends  
Pointeth the rich bequests of better days,  
Full granaries teeming with the golden ear,  
And o'er the fields the abundant stacks, where throng  
The quiet flocks and herds.

Art satisfied,  
Thou of the plough and spade? Full heir of all  
The year's perfected bounty, dost forget  
The bounteous season at whose voice the wain

Roll'd heavy from the harvest? Earth attests  
His benefactions.

But behold he dies !

Winds sing his dirge, and the brown leaves bestrew  
His pathway to the tomb. Mourning, they say,  
"Remember how he clothed us in bright robes,  
Crimson and gold, even as that Jewish king,  
Who fell at Gilboa, deck'd with gorgeous pride  
Fair Israel's daughters."

Then the grass-blades breathed  
A lowly sound, which he who bow'd his ear  
To their crisp foreheads, caught:—

"He spared us long,  
Holding the frost-king back, that we might cheer  
Man with our simple beauty. Not in wrath,  
Like some who went before him, did he tread  
Upon our frailty. So we give him thanks."

Then the glad birds, from their migration held  
By his warm smile, pour'd forth their grateful strain:  
"He gave us food, and with no stinted hand  
Scatter'd the seeds that pleased our callow young.  
And chained the howling blasts that ere the time  
Were wont to drive us from our nests away.  
For this we love him."

And the bees replied:—



“We love him also, for he spared the flowers.”  
 And the brisk squirrel mid his hoarded nuts,  
 And the light cricket in its evening song,  
 Yea, the poor gadding house-fly on the wall  
 Pronounced him pitiful and kind to them.

So, genial autumn, in thy grave with tears,  
 As when a good man dies, we lay thee down,  
 Covering thee with the verdure thou hast spared,  
 Fresh sods and lingering flowers.

Thou didst not trust

Thy purposed goodness to another's hand,  
 Cheating thy soul of the sweet bliss that flows  
 From pure philanthropy, but day by day  
 Aroused the labourer to his harvest-song,  
 Gladdening the gleaner's heart, and o'er the board  
 Of the poor man pouring such fruits as make  
 His meagre children happy.

Thus like thine,

Friend whom we praise, may our own course be found,  
 Not coldly trusting to a future race  
 Our plans of charity to execute,  
 When we are gone; but marking every hour  
 With some new deed of mercy, may we pass,  
 Bland, blessed Autumn! to our grave like thee,  
 Mid the green memories of unnumber'd hearts

## THE OLD ELMS.

I do remember me  
Of two old elm-trees' shade,  
With mosses sprinkled on their feet,  
Where my young childhood play'd,  
While the rocks above their head  
Look'd down so stern and gray,  
And the merry, crystal brooklet  
Went singing on its way.

Thus, side by side, they flourish'd  
With intertwining crown,  
And through their broad, embracing arms  
The prying moon look'd down;  
And as I fondly linger'd there,  
A musing child, alone,  
I deem'd my secret heart she read  
From her far silver throne.

I well remember me  
Of all their wealth of leaves,  
When Summer in her radiant loom  
The burning solstice weaves,  
And how with firm endurance  
They braved the adverse sky,  
Like Belisarius, doom'd to meet  
His country's wintry eye.

Through varied climes I've wander'd,  
Where stranger streamlets run,  
Where flaunts the proud magnolia tree  
Beneath a southern sun,  
Or where the sparse and stunted pine  
Uplifts its sombre form,  
The vassal of the arctic cloud  
And of the polar storm ;

Or where the lakes, like oceans,  
Their deep, blue waters spread,  
Or where sublime Niagara smites  
The admirer's soul with dread ;  
I've seen the vast cathedral's pile,  
The pencil's wondrous art ;  
Yet still those old, green trees I bore  
Depicted on my heart.

I sought my native village  
When years had held their sway,  
But many a column of its trust  
Lay wreck'd in mouldering clay;  
The stately and the white-hair'd men  
Whose wisdom was its stay,  
For them I ask'd, and Echo's voice  
Responded, "*Where are they?*"

I sought the thrifty matron  
Whose busy wheel was heard  
When early beams of morning  
Awoke the chirping bird;  
Strange faces from her casement look'd,  
Strange voices fill'd her cot,  
And 'neath the very vine she train'd  
Her memory was forgot.

I left a youthful matron,  
Her children round her knee;  
Those babes had changed to bearded men,  
And coldly look'd on me;  
While she, with all her bloom and grace,  
Did in the churchyard lie;  
Yet still those towering elms upbore  
Their kingly canopy.

---

Though we, who 'neath their shadow  
Pursued our childish play,  
Now find amid our sunny locks  
The sprinkled tint of gray;  
Though still the region of our birth  
Must many a change betide,  
Long may those sacred elms retain  
Their glorious strength and pride.

## TO-MORROW.

ONCE when the traveller's coach o'er England's vales  
Paused at its destined goal, an aged crone  
Came from a neighbouring cottage, with such speed  
As weary years might make, and with red eye  
Scanning each passenger, in hurried tones  
Demanded, "*Has he come?*"

"No, not to-day ;  
To-morrow," was the answer. So, she turn'd,  
Raising her shrivel'd finger, with a look  
Half-credulous, half-reproachful, murmuring low,  
"*To-morrow,*" and went homeward.

A sad tale  
Was hers, they said. She and her husband shared,  
From early days, a life of honest toil,  
Content, though poor. One only son they had,  
Healthful and bright, and to their simple thought  
Both wise and fair. The father was a man  
Austere and passionate, who loved his boy  
With pride that could not bear to brook his faults

Nor patiently to mend them. As he grew  
Toward man's estate, the mother's readier tact  
Discern'd the change of character that meets  
With chafing neck the yoke of discipline,  
And humour'd it; while to the sire he seem'd  
Still but a child, and so he treated him.  
When eighteen summers threw a ripening tinge  
O'er brow and cheek, the father, at some fault  
Born more of rashness than of turpitude,  
Struck him in wrath, and turn'd him from his door  
With bitter words. The youth, who shared too deep  
The fiery temper of his father's blood,  
Vow'd to return no more.

The mother wept,  
And wildly pray'd her husband to forgive,  
And call him back. But he, with aspect stern,  
Bade her be silent, adding that the boy  
Was by her folly and indulgence spoil'd  
Beyond reclaim. And so she shuddering took  
The tear and prayer back to her inmost soul,  
And waited till the passion-storm should slack,  
And die away. Long was that night of wo,  
Yet mid its dreary watch, she thank'd her God  
When, after hours of tossing, blessed sleep  
Stole o'er the moody man. With quiet morn  
Relentings came, and that ill-smother'd pang

With which an unruled spirit takes the lash  
Of keen remorse. Awhile with shame he strove,  
And then he bade the woman seek her son,  
If so she will'd. Alas! it was too late.  
He was a listed soldier for a land  
Beyond the seas, nor would their little all  
Suffice to buy him back.

'Twere long to tell  
How pain and loneliness and sorrow took  
Their Shylock-payment for that passion-gust.  
Or how the father, when his hour had come,  
Said, with a trembling lip and hollow voice,  
"Would that our boy were here!" or how the wife,  
In tenderest ministrations round his bed,  
And in her widow'd mourning, echoed still  
His dying words, "Oh! that our boy were here."

Years sped, and oft her soldier's letters came  
Replete with filial love, and penitence,  
And promise of return. But then, her soul  
Was wrung by cruel tidings, that he lay  
Wounded and sick in foreign hospitals.  
A line traced faintly by his own dear hand  
Relieved the torture. He was order'd home,  
Among the invalids.

Joy, long unknown



Rush'd through her desolate heart. To hear his voice,  
To gaze into his eyes, to part the locks  
On his pure forehead, to prepare his food,  
And nurse his feebleness, she ask'd no more.

Again his childhood's long forsaken couch  
Put forth its snowy pillow, and once more,  
The well-saved curtain of flower'd muslin deck'd  
The lowly casement where he erst did love  
To sit and read.

The cushion'd chair, that cheer'd  
His father's lingering sickness, should be his;  
And on the little table at his side  
The hour-glass stood, whose ever-shifting sands  
Had pleased him when a boy.

The appointed morn  
Drew slowly on. The cheerful coals were heap'd  
In the small grate, and ere the coach arrived  
She with her throbbing heart stood eager there.  
"Has Willie come?"

Each traveller, intent  
On his own destination, heeded not  
To make reply. "Coachman! is Willie there?"

"Willie? No! no!" in a hoarse, hurried voice,  
Came the gruff answer. "Know ye not he's dead,

Good woman? *Dead!* And buried on the coast,  
Four days ago."

But a kind stranger mark'd  
How the strong surge of speechless agony  
Swept o'er each feature, and in pity said,  
"*Perchance he'll come to-morrow.*"

Home she went,  
Struck to the soul, and wept the livelong night,  
Insensible to comfort, and to all  
Who spake the usual words of sympathy,  
Answering nothing.

But when day return'd,  
And the slight hammer of the cottage-clock  
Announced the hour at which her absent son  
Had been expected, suddenly she rose,  
And dress'd herself and threw her mantle on,  
And as the coachman check'd his foaming steeds,  
Stood eager by his side. "Is Willie there?  
My Willie? Say!"

While he, by pity school'd,  
Answer'd, "*To-morrow.*"

And though years have fled,  
And still her limbs grow weaker, and the hairs  
Whiter and thinner on her wrinkled brow,  
Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills  
Preludeth the approaching traveller,

---

That poor, demented woman hurries forth  
To speak her only question, and receive  
That one reply, *To-morrow*.

And on that  
Fragment of hope deferr'd, doth her worn heart  
Feed and survive. Lull'd by those syren words,  
“*To-morrow*,” which from childhood's trustful dawn  
Have lured us all. When Reason sank  
In the wild wreck of Grief, maternal Love  
Caught at that empty sound, and clasp'd it close,  
And grappled to it, like a broken oar,  
To breast the shoreless ocean of despair.

## E V E.

FOR the first time, a lovely scene  
Earth saw, and smiled,—  
A gentle form with pallid mien  
Bending o'er a new-born child:  
The pang, the anguish, and the wo  
That speech hath never told,  
Fled, as the sun with noontide glow  
Dissolves the snow-wreath cold,  
Leaving the bliss that none but mothers know;  
While he, the partner of her heaven-taught joy,  
Knelt in adoring praise beside his beauteous boy.

She, first of all our mortal race,  
Learn'd the ecstasy to trace  
The expanding form of infant grace  
From her own life-spring fed;  
To mark, each radiant hour,  
Heaven's sculpture still more perfect growing,  
More full of power;

---

The little foot's elastic tread,  
The rounded cheek, like rose-bud glowing,  
The fringed eye with gladness flowing,  
As the pure, blue fountains roll;  
And then those lisping sounds to hear,  
Unfolding to her thrilling ear  
The strange, mysterious, never-dying soul,  
And with delight intense  
To watch the angel-smile of sleeping innocence.

No more she mourn'd lost Eden's joy,  
Or wept her cherish'd flowers,  
In their primeval bowers  
By wrecking tempests riven;  
The thorn and thistle of the exile's lot  
She heeded not,  
So all-absorbing was her sweet employ  
To rear the incipient man,\* the gift her God had given.

And when his boyhood bold  
A richer beauty caught,  
Her kindling glance of pleasure told  
The incense of her idol-thought:

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\* "I have gotten a man from the Lord." GEN. iv. 1.

Not for the born of clay  
Is pride's exulting thrill,  
Dark herald of the downward way,  
And ominous of ill.

Even his cradled brother's smile  
The haughty first-born jealously survey'd,  
And envy mark'd the brow with hate and guile,  
In God's own image made.

At the still twilight hour,  
When saddest images have power,  
Musing Eve her fears express:—  
“He loves me not; no more with fondness free  
His clear eye looks on me;  
Dark passions rankle there, and moody hate  
Predicts some adverse fate.  
Ah! is this he, whose waking eye,  
Whose faint, imploring cry,  
With new and unimagined rapture blest?  
Alas! alas! the throes his life that bought,  
Were naught to this wild agony of thought  
That racks my boding breast.”

So mourn'd our mother, in her secret heart,  
With presage all too true;

---

And often from the midnight dream would start,

Her forehead bathed in dew ;

But say, what harp shall dare,

Unless by hand immortal strung,

What pencil touch the hue,

Of that intense despair

Her inmost soul that wrung !

For Cain was wroth, and in the pastures green,

Where Abel led his flock, mid waters cool and sheen,

With fratricidal hand, that blameless shepherd slew

Earth learn'd strong lessons in her morning prime,

More strange than Chaos taught,

When o'er contending elements the darkest veil was wrought ;

The poison of the tempter's glozing tongue,

Man's disobedience and expulsion dire,

The terror of the sword of fire

At Eden's portal hung,

Inferior creatures filled with savage hate,

No more at peace, no more subordinate ;

Man's birth in agony, man's death by crime,

The taste of life-blood, brother-spilt ;

But that red stain of guilt

Sent through her inmost heart such sickening pain,

That in her path o'er ether's plain

She hid her head and mourn'd, amid the planet-train.

## CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR river ! not unknown to classic song,  
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,  
When first thy infant fount is faintly seen,  
A line of silver mid a fringe of green,  
Or where, near towering rocks, thy bolder tide,  
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide,  
Or where, in azure mantle pure and free,  
Thou givest thy cool hand to the waiting sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,  
More ancient cities, and a bolder coast,  
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars  
To where La Plata laves the tropic shores,  
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine  
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,  
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,  
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,  
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,  
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.



See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,  
The generous offspring of a simple land;  
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,  
King, priest, and prophet mid the homes they love.  
On equal laws their anchor'd hopes are stay'd,  
By all interpreted, and all obey'd;  
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,  
And rise, firm columns of a happy state:  
To them content is bliss—and labour health,  
And knowledge power, and pure religion wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees  
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,  
His bleating flocks the shearer's care that need,  
His waving woods the wintry hearth that feed,  
His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,  
His patient sons who aid their father's toil,  
The ripening fields for joyous harvest drest,  
And the white spire that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear  
An equal burden in the yoke of care,  
With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,  
Or from the press the golden cheese receives:  
Her pastime, when the daily task is o'er,  
With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door,

Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,  
Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow;  
Then hale and cheerful to her home repair,  
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,  
Press the full udder for her children's meal,  
Rock the tired babe or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, toward yon dome where village science dwells,  
When the church-clock its warning summons swells,  
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,  
And gayly gather from each rustic door.  
The new-wean'd child with murmuring tone proceeds,  
Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,  
Transferr'd as burdens, that the housewife's care  
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.  
Light-hearted group! who carol wild and high,  
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,  
Or by some traveller's wheel aroused from play,  
The stiff salute with deep demureness pay,  
Bare the curl'd brow, and stretch the sunburnt hand,  
The home-taught homage of an artless land.  
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,  
The little baskets whence they hope to dine,  
And larger books, as if their dexterous art  
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part:—

---

Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame  
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,  
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride :  
From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,  
Of prudent counsel, and persuasive tongue ;  
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,  
Their well-braced nerves by early labour strong ;  
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought ;  
And white-hair'd sages, sold to studious thought ;  
Chiefs, whose bold step the field of battle trod ;  
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, mid the graves by time so sacred made,  
The poor, lost Indian slumbers in the shade ;  
He whose canoe with arrowy swiftmess clave,  
In ancient days, yon pure cerulean wave ;  
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,  
Through darkness followed, and in death embraced,  
He sleeps an outlaw, mid his forfeit land,  
And grasps the arrow in his moulder'd hand.

Here, too, our patriot sires with honour rest,  
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast ;

Sprang from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry  
Of threaten'd Liberty went thrilling by,  
Look'd to their God, and rear'd, in bulwark round,  
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrown'd,  
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield—  
Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field:  
Lo! here they rest who every danger braved,  
Unmark'd, untrophied, mid the soil they saved.  
Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance glide,  
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide  
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,  
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,  
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crown'd,  
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,  
The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,  
Couch'd in his hut, or camping on the glade,  
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,  
The boatman's song that charm'd his boyish ear;  
While the sad mother, mid her children's mirth,  
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,  
Or cheats her rustic babes with tender tales  
Of thee, blest river! and thy velvet vales,  
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,  
The village school, and Sabbath's tuneful bell,  
And smiles to see the infant soul expand  
With proud devotion for that father-land.

## BELL OF THE WRECK.

The bell of the steamer *Atlantic*, lost in Long-Island Sound, Nov. 25th, 1846, being supported by portions of the wreck and the contiguous rock, continued to toll, swept by wind and surge, the requiem of the dead.

TOLL, toll, toll,  
Thou bell by billows swung,  
And night and day thy warning words  
Repeat with mournful tongue !  
Toll for the queenly boat,  
Wreck'd on yon rocky shore ;  
Sea-weed is in her palace-halls,  
She rides the surge no more !

Toll for the master bold,  
The high-soul'd and the brave,  
Who ruled her like a thing of life  
Amid the crested wave !  
Toll for the hardy crew,  
Sons of the storm and blast,  
Who long the tyrant Ocean dared,  
But it vanquish'd them at last !

Toll for the man of God,  
Whose hallow'd voice of prayer  
Rose calm above the stifled groan  
Of that intense despair!  
How precious were those tones  
On that sad verge of life,  
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,  
And the mountain-billows' strife!

Toll for the lover lost  
To the summon'd bridal train!  
Bright glows a picture on his breast,  
Beneath the unfathom'd main.  
One from her casement gazeth  
Long o'er the misty sea;  
He cometh not, pale maiden,  
His heart is cold to thee!

Toll for the absent sire,  
Who to his home drew near,  
To bless a glad expecting group,  
Fond wife, and children dear!  
They heap the blazing hearth,  
The festal board is spread,  
But a fearful guest is at the gate:  
Room for the sheeted dead!

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Toll for the loved and fair,  
The whelm'd beneath the tide,  
The broken harps around whose strings  
The dull sea-monsters glide!  
Mother and nursling sweet,  
Reft from the household throng;  
There's bitter weeping in the nest  
Where breath'd their soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed  
'Neath misery's furrowing trace!  
Toll for the hapless orphan left  
The last of all his race!  
Yea, with thy heaviest knell  
From surge to rocky shore,  
Toll for the living, not the dead,  
Whose mortal woes are o'er!

Toll, toll, toll,  
O'er breeze and billow free,  
And with thy startling lore instruct  
Each rover of the sea;  
Tell how o'er proudest joys  
May swift destruction sweep,  
And bid him build his hopes on high,  
Lone Teacher of the deep!

## WINTER AND AGE.

GRAY Winter loveth silence. He is old,  
And liketh not the sporting of the lambs,  
Nor the shrill song of birds. It irketh him  
To hear the forest melodies, though still  
He giveth license to the ruffian winds,  
That, with black foreheads and distended cheeks,  
Mutter hoarse thunders on their wrecking path.

He lays his finger on the lip of streams,  
And they are ice; and stays the merry foot  
Of the slight runlet, as it leapeth down,  
Terrace by terrace, from the mountain's head.  
He silenceth the purling of the brook,  
That told its tale in gentle summer's ear  
All the day long reproachless, and doth bid  
Sharp frosts chastise and chain it, till it shrink  
Abash'd away.

He sits with wrinkled face,  
Like some old grandsire, ill at ease, who shuts



The noisy trooping of the children out,  
And drawing nearer to the pleasant fire,  
Doth settle on his head the velvet cap,  
And bless his stars for quiet once again.  
Stern winter drives the truant fountain back  
To the dark caverns of the imprisoning earth,  
And deadeneth with his drifted snows the sound  
Of wheel and foot-tramp.

Thus it is with man,  
When the chill winter of his life draws on.  
The ear doth loathe the sounds that erst it loved,  
Or, like some moody hermit, bar the door,  
Though sweetest tones solicit it in vain.  
The eye grows weary of the tarnish'd scenes  
And old wind-shaken tapestries of time,  
While all the languid senses antedate  
The Sabbath of the tomb.

The echoing round  
Of giddy pleasures, where his heart in youth  
Disported eagerly, the rushing tread  
Of the great, gorgeous world, are nought to him,  
Who, as he journeyeth to a clime unknown,  
Would to the skirts of holy silence cling,  
And let all sounds and symphonies of earth  
Fall like a faded vestment from the soul.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,  
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear,  
And the glittering garland of gold and red,  
Which was wreath'd for a while round the forest's head,  
With sudden anger he rent away,  
And all was cheerless and bare and gray.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,  
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,  
And the spider, that weaver of cunning so deep,  
Roll'd himself up in a ball to sleep;  
And the cricket his merry horn laid by  
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon the birds were heard, at the morning prime,  
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime:  
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-wing'd jay;  
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,

“I am tired to death of this humdrum tree;  
I'll go, if 'tis only the world to see!”

“Will you go?” ask'd the robin, “my only love?”  
And a tender strain from the leafless grove  
Responded, “Wherever your lot is cast,  
Mid summer skies or the northern blast,  
I am still at your side all your wanderings to cheer,  
Though dear is our nest in the thicket here.”

“I am ready to go,” cried the querulous wren,  
“From the wind-swept homes of these northern men;  
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue;  
I fear I have caught the consumption too.”  
And the oriole told, with a flashing eye,  
How his plumage was dimm'd by this frosty sky.

Then up went the thrush with a trumpet call,  
And the martins came forth from their cells on the wall,  
And the owlets peep'd out from their secret bower,  
And the swallows conversed on the old church-tower,  
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,  
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

“The dahlia is dead on her throne,” said they,  
“And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;

Not a berry is found on the russet plains,  
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains ;  
Every worm is hid—shall we longer stay  
To be wasted with famine ? Away ! away !”

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak  
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke ;  
The theme of each separate speaker they told,  
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,  
That the eloquent orators started to hear  
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,  
Swept off through the fathomless depths of air.  
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright ?  
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight ?  
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way,  
By the star at night and the cloud by day ?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,  
In the isles of the southern sea to sing,  
Or where the minaret, towering high,  
Pierces the blue of the Moslem sky,  
Or mid the harem's haunts of fear,  
Their lodgings to build, and their nurslings rear.

---

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,  
Welcomes them in to its vistas green,  
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree  
Thrill at the burst of their melody,  
And the bulbul starts, mid his carol clear,  
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

Oh wild wood-wanderers ! how far away  
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray ;  
But when they are waked by the touch of Spring,  
Shall we see you again with your glancing wing,  
Your nests mid our household trees to raise,  
And fill our hearts with our Maker's praise ?

## PARTING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

YON slender boy his bark hath launch'd  
On life's deceitful tide ;  
His balmy years of childhood o'er,  
He goes without a guide,  
Amid the stir and strife of men  
His devious course to run,  
The tempter and the snare to bide—  
God bless the widow's son.

He turneth from the pleasant door,  
And from the garden fair,  
Where with his little spade he wrought  
Beneath a mother's care ;  
He bears his head like manhood high,  
Yet tears their course will run,  
When on his stranger-bed he rests—  
God bless the widow's son.

Say ye he goeth forth alone  
To dare the eventful field?  
No, no! a spell is round him thrown,  
Like adamantine shield,—  
A mournful mother's fervent prayer!  
So, till his life is done,  
Till time and toil and change are o'er,  
God bless the widow's son.

## AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

THE summer-day declined o'er Edom's vales,  
As on, through rugged paths of lone Mount Hor,  
Three men went travelling slow.

One, whose white beard  
O'erswept his reverend breast, moved painful on,  
And ever, as the ascent steeper grew,  
More wearily did lean on those who lent  
Their kindly aid.

I see the mitred brow  
Of the High Priest of Israel, and anon,  
As the slant sun sends forth some brighter beam  
Through the sparse boughs and cones of terebinth,  
His dazzling breastplate like a rainbow gleams.

He muses o'er the distant Past, and calls  
The buried years. Each, like unwilling ghost,  
Comes up with its dark scroll and glides away.  
Again the moan of Egypt meets his ear,  
As when her first-born died; the sounding surge



Of the divided sea, enforced to leave  
Its ancient channels; the affrighted cry  
Of Israel at red Sinai's awful base;  
Their murmurings and their mockings and their strife;  
The sin at Meribah; the desert-graves  
Fed with a rebel race,—all rise anew,  
And, like the imagery of troubled dreams,  
Enwrap the spirit.

With what earnest eye  
And mournful, from the topmost cliff he gazed.  
There, stretching round its base, like sprinkled snow  
Were Israel's tents, where lay in brief repose  
The desert-wearied tribes.

Through distant haze  
Gleam'd Edom's roofs, with shadowy palm-trees blent;  
While farther still, like a black Stygian pool,  
The lone Dead Sea its sullen waters roll'd.

He turn'd, and lo! Mount Seir with frowning brow  
Confronted him. All solemn and severe  
Was its uncover'd forehead. Did it rise  
Like witness stern, to stir with vengeful hand  
The sleeping memories of forgotten things,  
That probe the conscience?

Once again he bent  
To mark the tents of Jacob. Fair they seem'd,

Amid lign-aloes and the cedars tall  
That God had planted ;—fairer than to him,  
That recreant prophet, who was yet to spy  
The chosen people, resting on their way,  
And by fierce Balak's side, from Peor's top  
Take up his parable, changing the curse  
Into a blessing.

But to Aaron's eye,  
The haunts his feet must ne'er revisit more  
Put on new beauty. For the parting hour  
Unveils the love that like a stranger hides  
In the heart's depths.

Was that his own sweet home,  
Its curtains floating, as the southern breeze  
Woo'd its white folds ?

He pass'd his arm around  
His brother's shoulder, leaning heavily,  
And lower o'er his bosom droop'd his head,  
In that long, farewell look, which by no sound  
Reveal'd its import to the mortal ear.

Anon his features wear a brightening tinge,  
And o'er his high anointed brow breaks forth  
A gleam of joy. Caught he a glorious view  
Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,

And water'd by the river of his God,  
Where was his heritage ?

Or stole a strain  
From Miriam's timbrel, o'er the flood of death  
Urging him onward, through the last faint steps  
Of toil-worn life ?

And now they reach the spot  
Where he had come to die. Strange heaviness  
Settled around his spirit. Then he knew  
That death's dark angel stretch'd a sable wing  
'Tween him and earth. The altar, and the ark,  
The unutter'd mysteries seen within the veil,  
Those deep-set traces of his inmost soul,  
Grew dim and vanish'd.

So, with trembling hand,  
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe  
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head  
The mitre place ; while, with a feeble voice,  
He bless'd, and bade him keep his garments pure  
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised  
The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye  
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,  
By whose oracular and fearful light  
Jehovah had so oft his will reveal'd  
Unto the chosen tribes, whom Aaron loved,  
In all their wanderings—but whose promised land

He might not look upon—he sadly laid  
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,  
And with one prayer, half wrapp'd in stifled groans,  
Gave up the ghost.

Steadfast beside the dead,  
With folded arms and face uplift to heaven  
The prophet Moses stood, as if by faith  
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of grief  
Nor sign of earthly passion mark'd the man  
Who once on Sinai's top had talked with God.  
—But the young priest knelt down, with quivering lip,  
And press'd his forehead on the pulseless breast,  
And, mid the gifts of sacerdotal power  
And dignity intrusted to his hand,  
Remembering but the father that he loved,  
Long with his filial tears bedew'd the clay.

## ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graved in Paradise;  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng  
In fashion's mazes wind,  
Where trilleth folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 'twas given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost ! lost ! lost !

I feel all search is vain ;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again ;  
I offer no reward ,  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift  
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scroll have fled,  
I'll see it in His hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead :  
And when of scath and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there ?

## THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD! on yon leafless tree,  
Dost thou carol thus to me,  
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"  
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?  
What is that, in misty shroud,  
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?  
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound  
Settles o'er the whiten'd ground,  
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,  
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?  
Winds are piping o'er the plain;  
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky  
With a black and threatening eye;  
Urchins, by the frozen rill,  
Wrap their mantles closer still;  
Yon poor man, with doublet old,  
Doth he shiver at the cold?

Hath he not a nose of blue?  
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,  
Rosy wreaths and revelry :  
Hast thou woo'd some winged love  
To a nest in verdant grove?  
Sung to her of greenwood bower,  
Sunny skies that never lower ?  
Lured her with thy promise fair  
Of a lot that knows no care ?  
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,  
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,  
She can sing a cheerful song ?  
When the rude winds rock the tree,  
If she'll closer cling to thee ?  
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,  
Unappall'd shall pass thee by ;  
Though thy curtain'd chamber show  
Siftings of untimely snow,  
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,  
Love shall make it Spring for thee.



## THE ARK AND DOVE.

“TELL me a story—please,” my little girl  
Lisp’d from her cradle. So I bent me down  
And told her how it rain’d, and rain’d, and rain’d,  
Till all the flowers were cover’d, and the trees  
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,  
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge roll’d ;  
Because the world was wicked, and refused  
To heed the words of God. But one good man,  
Who long had warn’d the wicked to repent,  
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,  
Had built an ark ; and thither, with his wife  
And children, turn’d for safety. Two and two  
Of beasts and birds and creeping things he took,  
With food for all ; and when the tempest roar’d,  
And the great fountains of the sky pour’d out  
A ceaseless flood, till all besides were drown’d,  
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.  
And so the mighty waters bare them up,  
And o’er the bosom of the deep they sail’d

For many days. But then a gentle dove  
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread  
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.  
All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,  
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,  
For all the people of the earth were drown'd,  
Because of disobedience. Naught she spied  
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,  
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.  
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,  
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,  
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,  
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.  
The righteous man that wandering dove received,  
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,  
Had wonder'd at her absence.

Then I look'd  
Upon the child, to see if her young thought  
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye  
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath  
Of pleased attention curl'd her parted lip.  
And so I told her how the waters dried,  
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds  
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove  
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds  
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark

Upon the breezy breast of Ararat  
Reposed, and Noah with glad spirit rear'd  
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,  
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,  
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,  
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks  
"The Ark and Dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,  
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up  
From a seal'd lip: and tenderly hath blent  
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale  
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,  
New in the rosy mesh of infancy  
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,  
Like that exploring dove, and find no rest,  
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming hand  
May gently guide it to the ark of peace.

## THE LOBELIA CARDINALIS.

“CULL me a flower,” the Indian maid  
Unto her lover sigh’d,—  
“Such as thy noble spirit deems  
Fit for thy chosen bride.

“And I will wear it on my brow  
When from this home I part,  
And enter to thy forest bower,  
Thy true love in my heart.”

Then he, who with Acteon’s stride  
Had erst that region trod,  
Now with bow’d head went searching o’er  
The flower-enamell’d sod.

Unconscious of the unroused deer,  
Or the eagle’s sunward throne,  
That haughty chieftain meekly roam’d,  
His thoughts on love alone.

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He cut the rich wild rose, that still  
A lingering radiance cast;  
Though soon its falling petals told  
Its day of pride was past.

He pluck'd the iris, deeply blue,  
The amaryllis bright,  
And hid their treasures through the day,  
But cast them forth at night.

He bound the water-lily white  
Amid her lustrous hair,  
Yet found her black and flashing eye  
Required a gem more rare.

At length, beside its mantling pool  
Majestic and serene,  
He saw the proud lobelia tower  
In beauty like a queen.

That eve, the maiden's ebon locks  
Reveal'd its glowing power,  
Amid the simple nuptial rites,  
That graced the chieftain's bower.

But she who by that stately flower  
Her lover's preference knew,  
Was doom'd, alas! in youthful hour  
To share its frailty too.

For ere again its glorious bloom  
Rejoiced in Summer's eye,  
She droop'd amid her forest home—  
Her fount of life was dry.

Then, as the ebbing pulse declined,  
Forth from her sacred nook,  
With swimming eye and trembling hand,  
Her bridal wreath she took,

And bound its wither'd floral bells  
Around her temples pale,  
And faintly to her maidens spake,—  
For breath began to fail:—

“Should the last death-pangs shake me sore,  
(For on they come with power,)  
Press closer in my ice-cold hand  
My husband's token-flower;

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“And rear the turf-mound broad and high  
To span my lonely grave,  
That naught may sever from my locks  
The gift of love he gave ;

“So, when the dance of souls goes forth  
Athwart the starry plain,  
He'll know me by his chosen flower,  
And make me his again.”

## FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

Go to your peaceful rest,  
    Friends of a brighter hour,  
Jewels on youthful beauty's breast,  
    Lights of the hall and bower.  
Well have ye borne your part,  
    Fair children of the sky,  
We'll keep your memory in our heart  
    When low in dust you lie.

Your gladness in our joy,  
    Your smile beside our way,  
Your gentle service round the bed  
    Of sickness and decay,  
Your rainbow on the cloud,  
    Your sympathy in pain—  
We'll keep the memory of your deeds  
    Until we meet again.



Rest from the blush of love,  
Rest from the blight of care,  
From the sweet nursing of your buds,  
And from the nipping air;  
Rest from the fever-thirst  
Of summer's noontide heat,  
From coiling worm, and rifling hand  
That vex'd your lone retreat.

If e'er ye thrill'd with pride  
When the admirer knelt,  
Or on the lowly look'd with scorn  
Which man for man hath felt;  
If through your bosoms pure  
Hath aught like evil flow'd,  
Since folly may with angels dwell,  
Rest from that painful load.

But not with grief or fear  
Bow down the drooping head;  
See, in the chambers of your birth  
Your dying couch is spread.  
Go, strong in faith, ye flowers,  
Strong in your guileless trust  
With Spring's awakening trump to rise  
Above imprisoning dust.

## STORM-SAILS.

OUT with thy storm-sails, for the blast is loud,  
And seas and skies commingle.

Pleasant smiles,  
Fond cheering hopes, delightful sympathies,  
Story and song, the needle's varied skill,  
The shaded lamp, the glowing grate at eve,  
The page made vocal by a taste refined,  
Imparted memories, plans for others' good,  
These are a woman's storm-sails. Fain we'd keep  
Each one in readiness, whene'er the cloud  
Maketh our home our fortress, and debars  
Egress abroad.

So, choose ye which to spread,  
My fair young lady. For the foot of youth  
Is nimblest mid the shrouds of social life,  
And readiest should its fairy hand unfurl  
The household banner of true happiness.  
What has thy brow to do with frowns? thy heart  
With selfish lore? as yet, so little school'd

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In the world's venal traffic. Make thine eye  
A cheering light-house to the voyager  
Wearied and worn. Shed blessed hope on all,  
Parent, fraternal group, or transient guest;  
Nor let the toiling servant be forgot,  
Who in the casket of remembrance stores  
Each word of praise.

Mother, when tempests rage,  
Draw thy young children nearer. Let them share  
The intercourse that, while it soothes, instructs,  
And elevates the soul. Implant some germ  
Of truth, or tenderness, or holy faith,  
And trust the rain of heaven to water it.  
So shall those sweet, unfolding blossoms blend  
In future years thine image with the storm,  
Like the pure rainbow, with its glorious scroll  
Teaching of God.

Scholar, and child of rhyme,  
This is thy holiday. No vexing fear  
Of interruption, and no idler's foot  
Shall mar thy reverie.

And while the flame  
Of blissful impulse nerves thy flying pen,  
Write on thy storm-sails deathless thoughts to guide  
Thy wind-swept brother to the port of peace.

## THE SCOTTISH WEAVER.

As hasting night o'er Scotia's plains  
Its murky mantle flung,  
And on its skirts with ruffian wrath  
A threatening tempest hung,

Beside a farm-house door, a voice  
Rose o'er the howling blast,  
"Ah! give us shelter from the storm,  
The darkness gathers fast.

"We are not vagrants, God forbid!  
A dark and evil day,  
That made so many looms stand still,  
Hath taken our bread away.

"And now, to Inverary's vales,  
In search of work we go,  
And thrice the setting sun hath seen  
Our way-worn course, and slow.

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“My wife a nursing infant bears,  
Three younglings at her side,  
Weary and cold,”—but churlish tones  
The earnest suit denied.

“The humblest shed is all we ask,  
Your food we will not crave,  
And blessings on your head shall rest  
E’en till we find a grave.

“Ah! for our dear Redeemer’s sake,  
Let us till morning stay,”  
The harsh key grated in its ward,—  
The suppliant turn’d away.

He held his hand before his face  
To bar the blinding sleet,  
And sorrow’d for those hearts that soon  
Such dread repulse must meet.

“O husband, you have linger’d long;  
’Tis lonesome on the wold;  
Up, bairnies, to yon bonny house,  
And shield ye from the cold.”

The wretched man bent shuddering down,  
Scarce kenn'd he what to say,  
He could not find it in his heart  
To take her hope away.

Yet o'er the moor, for many a league,  
All desolate and drear,  
He knew no other dwelling rose,  
The traveller's sight to cheer.

“Jeanie, my poor and patient wife,  
God give thee strength to bear;  
'Neath yonder roof we may not bide,  
There is no mercy there.”

The weary woman groan'd aloud:  
“Not for myself I cry,  
But for the babe that feebly pines,  
Methinks its death is nigh.”

The little children sobb'd and wept,  
And, clinging round her, said,  
“O mother! mother! 'tis so long  
Since you have given us bread.”

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The pitying father hush'd their grief,  
And drew them to his side,  
Till sleep, the angel, on their cheeks  
The trickling sorrow dried;

Then spread his mantle o'er their breasts,  
Scant though it was and poor,  
And there mid driving snows they cower'd,  
Upon the dreary moor.

Wild throbb'd his aching head, and wide  
His starting eyeballs strain,  
While through the darkness, lurid fires  
Seem'd flashing from his brain:

Strange phantom-forms went gibbering by,  
And woke to fearful strife  
The thoughts that nerve the reckless hand  
Against the traveller's life.

A new and dauntless strength he felt,  
Like giant in his prime,  
Such strength as drives the madden'd wretch  
To judgment ere his time.

But from the fountain of his soul  
Uprose a contrite prayer,  
That Heaven would crush the seeds of crime,  
And break the tempter's snare.

Kind tones the awful revery broke,  
A human form drew near,  
An humble serving-man who mark'd  
Their misery severe;

One who the stern denial heard  
That check'd the plaint of need,  
And ventured to an outhouse rude  
The hapless group to lead.

Oh poor man, who thyself hast quaked  
'Neath hunger-pang, and cold,  
Or felt the lashing of the winds  
Through garments thin and old;

Far better canst thou feel for those  
Who bide misfortune's blast,  
Than Plenty's proud and pamper'd sons  
Who share the rich repast,



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Who, lapp'd in luxury, rejoice  
By fireside bright and warm,  
Or from their curtain'd pillow list  
The howling of the storm.

Rest to those wearied ones, how sweet!  
E'en on that pauper-bed,  
The tatter'd blanket o'er them cast,  
The straw beneath them spread.

But, at gray dawn, a piercing shriek!  
Hark to that wild despair!  
"My babe! my babe! she breathes no more!"  
Oh Spoiler! art thou there?

That ghastly face the children mark'd  
As up from sleep they sprang,  
The thin blue fingers clench'd so close  
In the last hunger-pang.

And pitiful it was to see  
How meagre want and care  
Had set the wasting seal of years  
On brow so small and fair.

Loud rose the wail of childhood's wo:  
    "Will she not wake again,  
Our play-mate sister? Never more?"  
    Keen was that transient pain.

But whosoe'er hath chanced to hear  
    A mother's cry of dread,  
Who, waking, on her bosom finds  
    Her nursling cold and dead,—

Its nerveless lip empower'd no more  
    The fount of life to press,  
And gleeful smile and speaking eye  
    Mute to the fond caress,—

I say, whoe'er that sound hath heard  
    Invade his lone retreat,  
Will keep the echo in his soul  
    While memory holds her seat.

The father started to her side,  
    He spoke no word of wo;  
*Words!*—would they dare in such an hour  
    Their poverty to show?

---

E'en manly nature reel'd to meet  
Such sudden shock of grief,—  
And drowning thought to trifles clung,  
In search of vain relief.

The swallows, startled from their nests  
By pain's discordant sound,  
Among the rafters bare and brown  
Went circling round and round;

And gazing on their aimless flight,  
He strove, with futile care,  
To parry for a little space  
The anguish of despair.

But now, e'en hardest human hearts  
With sympathy were fraught,  
For late remorse the kindness woke  
That pity should have taught.

There lay the babe so still and cold,  
Crush'd 'neath affliction's weight,  
For whom, perchance, their earlier care  
Had won a longer date;

But in the churchyard's grassy bound  
A narrow spot they gave,  
With tardy charity, that yields—  
Instead of bread—*a grave.*

Sad tears of agonizing grief  
Bedew'd the darling's clay,  
And then that stricken-hearted group  
Pursued their mournful way.

O'er Scotia's glens and mountains rude  
A toilsome path they wound.  
Or 'neath some cotter's lowly roof  
A nightly shelter found,

Until, mid Inverary's vales,  
Once more a home they knew,  
And from the father's earnest hand  
The unresting shuttle flew.

And though but scant the dole he earn'd,  
Yet prudence found a way  
To make it satisfy the needs  
Of each returning day.

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So, to her parents' heavy lot  
Some filial aid to lend,  
The eldest, Bessie, left her home,  
A shepherd's flock to tend.

Unceasing, for her helpless ones,  
The industrious mother strove,  
And season'd still the homeliest meal  
With sweet maternal love.

Oft, when the quiet gloaming fell  
O'er heathery field and hill,  
And 'tween the daylight and the dark  
Her busier toils were still,

She told them wild and stirring tales  
Of Scotia's old renown,  
And of the Bruce who bravely won,  
In evil times, the crown ;

Or sang, to rouse their patriot zeal,  
Some high, heroic stave ;  
Or whisper'd, through her swelling tears,  
Of their lost sister's grave ;

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Or bade them duly, night and morn,  
    Whene'er they knelt in prayer,  
To supplicate for Bessie dear  
    Their God's protecting care.

Yet joyous was the hour when they,  
    With shout and gambol fleet,  
Went bounding from the cottage door  
    The approaching sire to greet,

Who twice a month, from distant scenes  
    Of weary toil and care,  
Walk'd three times three long Scottish miles  
    To spend his Sabbath there.

And when, like lone and glimmering star,  
    Across the heath he spied  
The rush-light in the window placed  
    His homeward steps to guide,

Methought a spirit's wing was his,  
    From all obstruction free,  
Till by his Jeanie's side he sate,  
    The wee things on his knee.



With you we shall wander  
With you we shall wander  
With you we shall wander  
With you we shall wander





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There, while the humble fire of peat  
A flickering radiance threw,  
The oatmeal parritch had a zest  
The unloving never knew.

And from the poor man's thrilling heart  
Such grateful praise arose,  
As they have never learn'd to breathe  
Who never shared his woes.

Once, when the hallow'd day of rest  
Had pass'd serenely by,  
And evening with its sober veil  
Encompass'd earth and sky,

Their cottage worship duly paid,  
While from the pallet near,  
The little sleepers' breathing fell  
Like music on their ear,

The faithful pair with kind discourse  
Beguiled the gathering shade,  
As fitful o'er the darken'd wall  
The blinking ingle play'd.

Then Jeanie many a soothing word  
To Willie's heart address'd,  
Her head upon his shoulder laid,  
His arm around her press'd.

Much of their bairnies' weal she spake,  
And with confiding air  
Incited for their tender years  
A father's watchful care,

With tearful eye and trembling tone,  
As one about to trust  
Fond treasures to another's hand,  
And slumber in the dust.

Her heavenly hopes, she said, were bright,  
But mortal life was frail,  
And something, whispering, warn'd her soul  
That soon her strength might fail.

“Oh, Willie dearest! ne'er before  
I've stay'd thy lingering tread,  
For well I know 'tis hard to take  
The time that earns our bread.

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“But now one single day I ask,  
For then, the weight that bow’d  
My spirit with its presage dire,  
May prove an April cloud.”

He stay’d, to mark the fearful pang  
That hath not yet been told,  
To see the livid hues of death  
The rigid brow unfold.

He stay’d, to find all help was vain,  
Ere the next evening-tide,  
And then to lay her in the grave,  
Her new-born babe beside.

Her new-born babe! With her it died,  
And in the white shroud’s fold,  
Fast by her marble breast ’twas seen,  
A blossom crush’d and cold.

Oh wounded and forsaken man!  
Whom mocking Hope doth flee,  
The lingering luxury of grief  
Is not for such as thee.

Stern Toil doth summon thee away,  
And thou the call must hear,  
As the lone Arab strikes his tent  
To roam the desert drear.

He closed the pleasant room where late  
His cheerful hearth had burn'd,  
And to the waiting landlord's hand  
The household key return'd.

And to a pitying neighbour's door  
His youngest nursling led,  
Too weak to try the weary road  
It was his lot to tread,—

With earnest words bespoke her care,  
Which he would well repay,  
Then bless'd the poor, unconscious boy,  
And sadly turn'd away.

With wondering eyes, the stranger-child  
The unwonted scene survey'd,  
And to the darkest corner shrank,  
Bewilder'd and afraid.

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From thence, escaping to his home  
With bosom swelling high,  
Uplifted, as he fled away,  
A loud and bitter cry ;

And wildly call'd his mother's name,  
And press'd the unyielding door,  
And breathless listen'd for the voice  
That he must hear no more.

And, then, the holy hymn she taught  
He lisp'd with simple wile,  
As if that talisman were sure  
To win her favouring smile.

But when all efforts fruitless proved,  
Exhausted with his moan,  
The orphan sobb'd himself to sleep  
Upon the threshold-stone.

Even passing travellers paused to mark  
A boy, so young and fair,  
Thus slumbering on a stony bed  
Amid the nipping air,—

A boy, whose flaxen curls, the care  
Of matron love disclose,  
Though sorrow's pearl-drops sprinkled lay  
Upon his cheeks of rose.

But onward, toward his lot of toil  
With spirit bow'd and bent,  
Wee Willie walking by his side,  
The widow'd father went.

Silent they journey'd, hand in hand,  
While from its cloud-wrapp'd head  
A shower of chill and drizzling mist  
The bleak Benachie shed.

Then, from the beaten track they turn'd  
A broken path to wind,  
The lonely spot where Bessie dwelt,  
In a far glen to find.

They wander'd long o'er strath and brae,  
While blasts autumnal sweep,  
Before their own poor girl they spied  
Tending her snowy sheep.

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Up toward the mountain side she gazed,  
Intent, yet sad of cheer,  
Expecting still, from hour to hour,  
To greet her mother dear.

Alas! this was the appointed day  
On which that tender friend  
Had promised with her loving child  
A little time to spend.

Warm stockings, that her hand would knit  
From fleecy wool, to bring;  
Perchance, a broader plaid, to shield  
From coming winter's sting.

As bounds the glad and nimble deer,  
She flew, their steps to meet;  
"Father! and Willie! welcome here!  
But where's my mother sweet?"

"Speak to her, Willie! Kiss her cheek!  
That grows so pale and white;  
Fain would I turn away awhile,  
I cannot bear the sight.

“O sob not so, my precious son!  
Speak kindly words, and say  
Why your lost mother does not come,  
And how she sleeps in clay.”

So, clasp'd within each other's arms,  
Upon the heather dry,  
Beside a clear and rippling brook  
That crept unheeded by,

They told their tale of wo, and found  
In sympathy relief;  
But he, the deeper mourner, sank,  
In solitary grief.

And nought escaped his utterance there,  
While kneeling on the sod,  
Save her loved name, his poor lost wife,  
And broken cries to God.

Nor long the kindred tear to pour  
That smitten group might stay,  
For meagre Want with tyrant frown  
Were beckoning them away.



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“Oh, put your trust in God, my child,”  
The parting father said,  
Then kiss'd his daughter's trembling lips,  
And on his journey sped.

And sometimes, when her task bore hard,  
It seem'd a mother's sigh,  
“Oh, put your trust in God, my child,”  
Came breathing from the sky.

Oh ye, who see the suffering poor  
With countless ills opprest,  
Yet on in lordly chariots roll,  
Nor heed their sad request;—

Who mark the unrequited toil  
That with its mountain weight  
Doth crush them hopeless to the dust,  
Yet leave them to their fate;

Think of the hour, when forth, like theirs,  
Your uncloth'd soul must fleet,  
Its last and dread account to bide  
Before the Judge's seat.

And if to feed the hungering poor,  
And be the orphan's stay,  
Shall be remember'd mid the ire  
Of that terrific day,

Haste! ope the hand to mercy's deed,  
The heart to sorrow's prayer,  
And bid your lowly brother plead  
For your forgiveness there.

## NOTE.

"Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavements of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upward at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, that had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry."—*Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver.*

This poem is almost a literal version of circumstances related in a book, with the above title, published in England recently, and written by William Thom, a Scotch weaver and poet. "Its object," says the author, "is to impart to one portion of the community glimpses of what is going on in another."

In our own happy land, the labouring poor have no idea of the distress which he thus simply yet forcibly depicts. It occurred soon after six thousand looms were stopped in the region of Dundee, and just before William Thom, with his wife and four little ones, left their home at Newlyte, in search of the means of subsistence at Inverary, as related in the preceding stanzas.

"It had been a stiff winter and an unkindly spring; but I will not expatiate on six human lives maintained on five shillings weekly, on babies prematurely thoughtful, on comely faces withering, on desponding youth, and too quickly declining age. I will describe one morning of modified starvation at Newlyte, and then pass on.

"Imagine a cold, dreary forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible. The

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mother sits beside the bed of her children, to lull them back to sleep, when either shall show any inclination to wake. For this there is a cause. Our weekly five shillings have not come as was expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke, beyond the mother's power to hush it again to sleep. It finally broke out into a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprang up, each little one exclaiming, 'Oh mother! mother! give me a piece.' How weak a word is *sorrow*, to apply to the feelings of myself and my wife on that dreary day!"

## NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give  
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him  
Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift  
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys  
Or fleeting triumphs, mid the peal sublime  
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks  
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves  
Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep,  
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home  
His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,

To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide  
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets  
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.  
The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,  
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song  
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,  
That wait the mandate of the day of doom  
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed  
Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees

That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore  
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves  
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,  
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,  
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing  
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet  
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir  
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud  
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven  
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems  
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk  
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace  
Thine awful features with our pencil's point  
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak

Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop

From his right-hand,—bidding the soul that looks  
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,  
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,  
And lose itself in Him.

## THE CORAL INSECT.

ToIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;  
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;  
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;  
Ye're a puny race thus boldly to rear  
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king;  
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd,  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,  
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?  
There are snares enough on the tented field;  
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;  
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up;  
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;  
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath:  
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;  
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;  
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see  
The mariner's bed mid their halls of glee:  
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread  
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in,  
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin;  
From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.  
As the cloud-crown'd pyramids' founders sleep  
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,  
Ye slumber unmark'd mid the watery plain,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.



## THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

GROUP after group are gathering, such as prest  
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid  
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,  
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;  
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread  
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,  
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,  
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,  
Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows  
Wan poverty hath done the work of care;  
Look up, ye sad ones!—'tis your Father's house  
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;  
More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,  
And watch the gaudier forms that gayly rove,  
And deem perchance, mistaken as you are,  
The "coat of many colours" proves His love,  
Whose sign is in the heart and whose reward above.

And ye, blest labourers in this humble sphere,  
To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,  
Who from your cells of meditation dear  
Come forth to guide the weak, untutor'd mind—  
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined  
Of grateful love, one tear of contrite pain,—  
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind  
The rest of earthly Sabbaths. Be your gain  
A Sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.





At length, the sun, with his  
And warms the hills, and the  
Flowers of the wood.

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN was the red man's summer?

When the rose  
Hung its first banner out? When the gray rock,  
Or the brown heath, the radiant kalmia clothed?  
Or when the loiterer by the reedy brooks  
Started to see the proud lobelia glow  
Like living flame? When through the forest gleam'd  
The rhododendron? or the fragrant breath  
Of the magnolia swept deliciously  
O'er the half laden nerve?

No. When the groves  
In fleeting colours wrote their own decay,  
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpen'd blast  
That sang their dirge; when o'er their rustling bed  
The red deer sprang, or fled the shrill-voiced quail,  
Heavy of wing and fearful; when, with heart  
Foreboding or depress'd, the white man mark'd  
The signs of coming winter: then began

The Indian's joyous season.\* Then the haze,  
Soft and illusive as a fairy dream,  
Lapp'd all the landscape in its silvery fold.  
The quiet rivers, that were wont to hide  
'Neath shelving banks, beheld their course betray'd  
By the white mist that o'er their foreheads crept,  
While wrapp'd in morning dreams, the sea and sky  
Slept 'neath one curtain, as if both were merged  
In the same element. Slowly the sun,  
And all reluctantly, the spell dissolved,  
And then it took upon its parting wing  
A rainbow glory.

Gorgeous was the time,  
Yet brief as gorgeous. Beautiful to thee,  
Our brother hunter, but to us replete  
With musing thoughts in melancholy train.  
Our joys, alas! too oft were wo to thee.  
Yet ah, poor Indian! whom we fain would drive  
Both from our hearts, and from thy father's lands,  
The perfect year doth bear thee on its crown,  
And when we would forget, repeat thy name.

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\* An aged chief said to our ancestors, "The white man's summer is past and gone, but that of the Indian begins when the leaves fall."

## THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

It was the leafy month of June,  
And joyous Nature, all in tune,  
    With wreathing buds was drest,  
As toward Niagara's fearful side  
    A youthful stranger prest.  
His ruddy cheek was blanch'd with awe,  
And scarce he seem'd his breath to draw,  
    While, bending o'er its brim,  
He mark'd its strong, unfathom'd tide,  
    And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,  
Another, and another sped,  
And soon the summer rose decay'd,  
The moon of autumn sank in shade,  
Years fill'd their circle brief and fair,  
Yet still the enthusiast linger'd there,

Till winter hurl'd its dart;  
For deeply round his soul was wove  
A mystic chain of quenchless love,  
That would not let him part.  
When darkest midnight veil'd the sky,  
You'd hear his hasting step go by,  
To gain the bridge beside the deep,  
That thread-like o'er the surge  
Shot, where the wildest torrents leap,  
And there, upon its awful verge,  
His vigil lone to keep.

And when the moon, descending low,  
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,  
Which it would seem some angel's hand  
With heaven's own pencil tinged and spann'd,  
Pure symbol of a better land,  
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free  
The eloquence of ecstasy;  
Though to his words no answer came,  
Save that One, Everlasting Name,  
Which, since Creation's morning broke,  
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When wintry tempests shook the sky,  
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,



Unblenching mid the storm he stood,  
And mark'd sublime the wrathful flood,  
While wrought the frost-king fierce and drear,  
His palace mid those cliffs to rear,  
And strike the massy buttress strong,  
And pile his sleet the rocks among,  
And wasteful deck the branches bare  
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.

Nor lack'd the hermit's humble shed  
Such comforts as our natures ask  
To fit them for their daily task,—  
The cheering fire, the peaceful bed,  
The simple meal in season spread:  
While by the lone lamp's trembling light,  
As blazed the hearth-stone clear and bright,  
O'er Homer's page he hung,  
Or Maro's martial numbers scann'd,  
For classic lore of many a land  
Flow'd smoothly o'er his tongue.  
Oft, with rapt eye and skill profound,  
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,  
Or touch'd the sweet guitar,  
For heavenly music deign'd to dwell  
An inmate in his cloister'd cell,  
As beams the solemn star

All night, with meditative eyes,  
Where some lone rock-bound fountain lies.  
As through the groves with quiet tread,  
On his accustom'd haunts he sped,  
The mother-thrush, unstartled, sung  
Her descant to her callow young,  
And fearless o'er his threshold prest  
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest;  
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye,  
Nor from his kernel cared to fly  
As pass'd that gentle hermit by;  
No timid creature shrank to meet  
His pensive glance, serenely sweet;  
From his own kind, alone, he sought  
The screen of solitary thought.  
Whether the world too harshly prest  
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,  
Or taught his morbid youth to prove  
The pang of unrequited love,  
We know not, for he never said  
Aught of the life that erst he led.

On Iris isle, a summer bower  
He twined with branch, and vine, and flower,  
And there he mused, on rustic seat,  
Unconscious of the noonday heat,

Or 'neath the crystal waters lay,  
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.  
Yet once, the whelming flood grew strong,  
And bore him like a weed along;  
Though, with convulsive throes of pain  
And heaving breast, he strove in vain;  
Then sinking 'neath the infuriate tide,  
Lone as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,  
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,  
To where, in narrow gorge compressed,  
The whirling eddies never rest,  
But boil with wild tumultuous sway,  
The maelstrom of Niagara.  
And there, within that rocky bound,  
In swift gyrations round and round,  
Mysterious course it held;  
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,  
Now battling as with maniac force,  
To mortal strife compell'd.

Right fearful 'neath the moonbeam bright,  
It was to see that brow so white,  
And mark the ghastly dead  
Leap upward from his torture-bed,

As if in passion-gust,  
And tossing wild with agony,  
To mock the omnipotent decree  
Of dust to dust.

At length, where smoother waters flow,  
Emerging from the gulf below,  
The hapless youth they gain'd, and bore  
Sad to his own forsaken door.  
There watch'd his dog with straining eye,  
And scarce would let the train pass by,  
Save that, with instinct's rushing spell,  
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,  
And stiff and stony form, he knew  
The master he had loved so well.

The kitten fair, whose graceful wile  
So oft had won his musing smile,  
As at his foot she held her play,  
Stretch'd on his vacant pillow lay.  
While strew'd around, on board and chair,  
The last pluck'd flower, the book last read,  
The ready pen, the page outspread,  
The water-cruse, the unbroken bread,  
Reveal'd how sudden was the snare  
That swept him to the dead.

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And so he rests in foreign earth,  
Who drew mid Albion's vales his birth;  
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind  
Condemn that youth of gentle mind,  
Of shrinking nerve and lonely heart,  
And letter'd lore and tuneful art,

Who here his humble worship paid,  
In that most glorious temple-shrine,  
Where to the Majesty divine  
Nature her noblest altar made.

No, blame him not, but praise the Power  
Who in the dear, domestic bower,  
Hath given you firmer strength to rear  
The plants of love with toil and fear,  
The beam to meet, the blast to dare,  
And like a faithful soldier bear.  
Still with sad heart his requiem pour,  
Amid the cataract's ceaseless roar,  
Nor grudge one tear of pitying gloom  
To dew that sad enthusiast's tomb.

## THE BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY bask'd on a baby's grave  
Where a lily had chanced to grow:  
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,  
When she of the blue and sparkling eye  
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,  
And spoke from its shining track:  
"I was a worm till I won my wings,  
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings:  
Wouldst thou call the bless'd one back?"

## SOLITUDE.

DEEP solitude I sought. There was a dell  
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,  
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made  
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.

Thither I went,  
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount  
For which it long had thirsted mid the strife  
And fever of the world. I thought to be  
There without witness. But the violet's eye  
Look'd up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,  
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.  
There were glad voices too. The garrulous brook,  
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told  
Its history. Up came the singing breeze,  
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake  
Responsive, every one. E'en busy life  
Woke in that dell. The dexterous spider threw  
From spray to spray the silver-tissued snare.  
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced

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The rifled grain, toil'd toward her citadel.  
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,  
While from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird  
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought  
To be alone and silent in thy realm,  
Spirit of life and love! It might not be!—  
There is no solitude in thy domains,  
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast  
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.  
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world  
Without a witness. E'en the desert place  
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams  
Are social and benevolent; and he  
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,  
Roaming among them at the cool of day,  
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,  
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.



## THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

THOU dost not dream, my little one,  
How great the change must be,  
These two years, since the morning sun  
First shed his beams on thee.  
Thy little hands did helpless fall,  
As with a stranger's fear,  
And a faint wailing cry was all  
That met thy mother's ear.

But now the dictates of thy will  
Thine active feet obey,  
And, pleased, thy busy fingers still  
Among thy playthings stray;  
And thy full eyes delighted rove  
The pictured page along,  
And, lisping to the heart of love,  
Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy! the wanderings of thy way  
It is not mine to trace,  
Through buoyant youth's exulting day,  
Or manhood's bolder race:  
What discipline thy heart may need,  
What clouds may veil thy sun,  
The eye of God alone can read—  
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love  
Thy destiny control;  
Those boasted gifts that often prove  
The ruin of the soul,  
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,  
For thee it would not crave,  
But tearful urge a fervent claim  
To joys beyond the grave.

O! be thy wealth an upright heart,  
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,  
Thine early choice that better part  
Which cannot fade away;  
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,  
Thy friends the men of peace,  
Thy heritage an angel's lyre  
When earthly changes cease.

## THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of conveying a young man to burial in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel, in Norway.

WHO'S riding o'er the Giel so fast,  
Mid the crags of Utledale ?  
He heeds not cold nor storm nor blast ;  
But his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl from his eyelash long  
Stern winter's hand hath hung ;  
And his sinewy arm looks bold and strong,  
Though his brow is smooth and young.

Round his marble forehead, in clusters bright,  
Is wreathed his golden hair ;  
His robe is of linen, long and white,  
Though a mantle of fur scarce could 'bide the blight  
Of his keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold!

For the tempest awakes in wrath;  
And thy stony eye is fix'd and cold  
As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,  
Where the foaming waters roar;  
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,  
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends,  
On slippery summits sheen;  
But ever and aye his head he bends  
At the plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in prayer to the God who guides  
Thy course o'er such pavement frail?  
Or nod in thy dream on the steep, where glides  
The curdling brook with its slippery tides,  
Thou horseman so young and pale?

Swift, swift o'er the breast of the frozen streams,  
Toward Lyster Church he hies,  
Whose holy spire mid the glaciers gleams,  
Like a star in troubled skies.

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Now stay, thou ghostly traveller—stay;  
Why haste in such mad career?  
Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,  
'Twere better to purge it here.

On, on! like the winged blast he wends,  
Where moulder the bones of the dead—  
Wilt thou stir the sleep of thy buried friends,  
With thy courser's tramping tread?

At a yawning pit, whose narrow brink  
Mid the swollen snow was grooved,  
He paused. The steed from that chasm did shrink,  
But the rider sate unmoved.

Then down at once, from his lonely seat,  
They lifted the horseman pale,  
And laid him low in that drear retreat,  
And pour'd, in dirge-like measure sweet,  
The mournful funeral wail.

Bold youth, whose bosom with pride had glow'd  
In a life of toil severe—  
Didst thou scorn to pass to thy last abode  
In the ease of the slothful bier?

Must thy own good steed, which thy hands had drest,  
In the fulness of boyhood's bliss,  
By the load of thy lifeless limbs be prest,  
On a journey so strange as this?

Yet still to the depth of yon rock-barr'd dell,  
Where no ray from heaven hath glow'd,  
Where the thundering rush of the Markefoss fell,  
The trembling child doth point and tell  
How that fearful horseman rode.

## TO A SHRED OF LINEN.

WOULD they swept cleaner!

Here's a littering shred  
Of linen left behind—a vile reproach  
To all good housewifery. Right glad am I  
That no neat lady, train'd in ancient times  
Of pudding-making, and of sampler-work,  
And speckless sanctity of household care,  
Hath happen'd here to spy thee. She, no doubt,  
Keen looking through her spectacles, would say,  
“*This comes of reading books.*” Or some spruce beau,  
Essenced and lily-handed, had he chanced  
To scan thy slight superfices, 'twould be,  
“*This comes of writing poetry.*”—Well, well,  
Come forth, offender!—hast thou aught to say?  
Canst thou, by merry thought or quaint conceit,  
Repay this risk that I have run for thee?  
—Begin at alpha, and resolve thyself  
Into thine elements. I see the stalk  
And bright blue flower of flax, which erst o'erspread

That fertile land, where mighty Moses stretch'd  
His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom  
Tinging, too scantly, these New England vales.  
But, lo! the sturdy farmer lifts his flail  
To crush thy bones unpitying, and his wife,  
With kerchief'd head and eye brimfull of dust,  
Thy fibrous nerves with hatchel-tooth divides.  
—I hear a voice of music—and behold!  
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,  
While by her side the rustie lover sits.  
Perchance, his shrewd eye secretly doth count  
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,  
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought  
(For men have deeper minds than women—sure!)  
Is calculating what a thrifty wife  
The maid will make; and how his dairy shelves  
Shall groan beneath the weight of golden cheese,  
Made by her dexterous hand, while many a keg  
And pot of butter to the market borne,  
May, transmigrated, on his back appear  
In new thanksgiving coats.

Fain would I ask,  
Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,  
By sofa and piano quite displaced.  
Why dost thou banish from thy parlour hearth  
That old Hygeian harp, whose magic ruled .



Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill  
Exorcised Saul's ennui? There was no need,  
In those good times of callisthenics, sure ;  
And there was less of gadding, and far more  
Of home-born, heart-felt comfort, rooted strong  
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit  
As wealth might never purchase.

But come back,  
Thou shred of linen. I did let thee drop  
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost  
The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot  
When the rough battery of the loom had stretch'd  
And knit thy sinews, and the chemist sun  
Thy brown complexion bleach'd?

Methinks I scan  
Some idiosyncrasy that marks thee out  
A defunct pillow-case. Did the trim guest,  
To the best chamber usher'd, e'er admire  
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth,  
Feeding thy vanity? or some sweet babe  
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee?  
Say, hast thou listen'd to the sick one's moan,  
When there was none to comfort?—or shrunk back  
From the dire tossings of the proud man's brow?  
Or gather'd from young beauty's restless sigh  
A tale of untold love?

Still close and mute!—  
Wilt tell no secrets, ha?—Well then, go down,  
With all thy churl-kept hoard of curious lore,  
In majesty and mystery, go down  
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws,  
Stainless and smooth, emerge. Happy shall be  
The renovation, if on thy fair page  
Wisdom and truth their hallow'd lineaments  
Trace for posterity. So shall thine end  
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard  
Thine apotheosis immortalize.

## FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

How beautiful it stands,  
    Behind its elm-tree's screen,  
With simple attic cornice crown'd,  
    All graceful and serene!  
Most sweet, yet sad, it is  
    Upon yon scene to gaze,  
And list its inborn melody,  
    The voice of other days.

For there, as many a year  
    Its varied chart unroll'd,  
I hid me in those quiet shades,  
    And call'd the joys of old;  
I call'd them, and they came  
    When vernal buds appear'd,  
Or where the vine-clad summer bower  
    Its temple-roof uprear'd;

Or where the o'erarching grove  
Spread forth its copses green,  
While eyebright and asclepias rear'd  
Their untrain'd stalks between,  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
His broken nuts let fall,  
And the merry, merry little birds  
Sang at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests  
Returning spring shall cheer,  
And thence the unfledged robin breathe  
His greeting wild and clear;  
And from yon clustering vine,  
That wreathes the casement round,  
The humming-bird's unresting wing  
Send forth a whirring sound;

And where alternate springs  
The lilac's purple spire  
Fast by its snowy sister's side;  
Or where, with wing of fire,  
The kingly oriole glancing went  
Amid the foliage rare;  
Shall many a group of children tread,  
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms  
The mastery here shall keep,  
What mother in yon nursery fair  
Shall rock her babes to sleep:  
Yet blessings on the hallow'd spot,  
Though here no more I stray,  
And blessings on the stranger-babes  
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you, too, my plants,  
And every parent bird  
That here, among the woven boughs,  
Above its young hath stirr'd.  
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,  
That often o'er my head  
The blossoms of your glorious spring  
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of fitful mood,  
I thank thee, murmuring stream,  
That blent thine echo with my thought,  
Or woke my musing dream.  
I kneel upon the verdant turf,  
For sure my thanks are due  
To moss-cup and to clover-leaf,  
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,  
    Old tenants of the spot,  
The broad-leaf'd lily of the vale,  
    And the meek forget-me-not,  
To every daisy's dappled brow,  
    To every violet blue,  
Thanks! thanks! may each returning year  
    Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father-God,  
    High praise, in solemn lay,  
Alike for what his hand hath given,  
    And what it takes away:  
And to some other loving heart  
    May all this beauty be  
The dear retreat, the Eden-home  
    That it hath been to me.

## BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

"Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."—2 SAM. xix. 37.

SON of Jesse! let me go,

Why should princely honours stay me?—

Where the streams of Gilead flow,

Where the light first met mine eye,

Thither would I turn and die;

Where my parents' ashes lie,

King of Israel! bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,

Who righteous paths so firmly trod,

Who early taught my soul with awe

To heed the Prophets and the Law,

And to my infant heart appear'd

Majestic as a God:

Oh! when his sacred dust

The cerements of the tomb shall burst,

Might I be worthy at his feet to rise,  
To yonder blissful skies,  
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,  
Jehovah! Lord of Hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast  
Hath shed a frost like death;  
The wine-cup hath no zest,  
The rose no fragrant breath;  
Music from my ear hath fled,  
Yet still one sweet tone lingereth there,  
The blessing that my mother shed  
Upon my evening prayer.  
Dim is my wasted eye  
To all that beauty brings,  
The brow of grace—the form of symmetry  
Are half-forgotten things;  
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,  
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread  
Methinks, doth steal away  
Treasures that the mind had laid  
Up for a wintry day.  
Images of sacred power,  
Cherish'd deep in passion's hour,



---

Faintly now my bosom stir,  
Good and evil like a dream  
Half obscured and shadowy seem,  
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,  
Yea—it remembereth her:  
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

## GOSSIP WITH A BOUQUET.

SPEAK, speak, sweet guests.

Yes, ope your lips in words,  
'Tis my delight to talk with you, and fain  
I'd have an answer. I've been long convinced  
You understand me, though you do not choose  
To wear your bright thoughts on your finger-tips,  
For all to sport with.

Lily of the vale,  
And you, meek Violet, with your eyes of blue,  
I call on you the first, for well I know  
How prone the village maiden is to hide  
Her clear good sense among the city folks,  
Unless well urged, and fortified to speak.

O purple Pansy! friend of earliest years,  
You're always welcome. Hath no grandame told  
You of your ancestors, who flourish'd fair  
Upon the margin of my native Thames?

'Twas not the fond garrulity of age,  
That made her laud the past, without respect  
To verity; for I remember well  
How beautiful they were, and with what pride  
I used to pluck them, when my school was o'er,  
And love to place them, rich with breathing sweets,  
Between my Bible leaves, and find them there  
Month after month, pressing their bosoms close  
To some undying hope.

Bright Hyacinth,

I'm glad you've brought your little ones. How snug  
You wrap them in their hoods. But still I see  
Their merry eyes and their plump cheeks peep out.  
Ah! here's the baby, in its blanket too.  
You're a good mother, sure. Don't be in haste  
To take their mantles off; the morn is chill;  
I'd rather see them one by one come forth,  
Just when they please. A charming family!  
And very happy you must doubtless be  
In their sweet promise and your matron care.

Gay, graceful Tulip, did you learn in France  
Your taste for dress? and how to hold your head  
So elegantly? In the gale yestreen,  
That o'er the parterre swept with sudden force,  
I thought I saw you waltzing. Have a care,

And do not look disdainfully on those  
You call plebeian flowers, because, you know,  
We live in a republic, where the strength  
Comes from beneath, and many a change occurs  
To lop the haughty and to lift the low.

Good neighbour Cowslip, I have seen the bee  
Whispering to you, and have been told he stays  
Quite long and late amid your golden cells.  
Is it not business that he comes upon—  
Matter-of-fact? He never wastes an hour.  
Know you that he's a subtle financier,  
And shows some gain for every day he spends?  
Oh! learn from him the priceless worth of time,  
Thou fair and frail! So shalt thou prove the truth,  
That he who makes companion of the wise  
Shall in their wisdom share.

Narcissus pale!

Had e'er a governess, who kept you close  
Over your needle or your music books?  
Not suffering you to sweep a room, or make  
A pudding in the kitchen? I'm afraid  
She shut you from the air and fervid sun,  
To keep you delicate, or let you draw  
Your corset-cord too tight. I would you were  
As hardy as your cousin Daffodil,

---

Who to the sharp wind turns her buxom cheek  
Unshrinking, like a damsel taught to spin,  
And milk the cows,—her nerves by labour strung  
To bear its duties and its burdens too.

Lilac of Persia ! tell us some fine tale  
Of Eastern lands. We're fond of travellers.  
Have you no legend of some sultan proud,  
Or old fire-worshipper ? What ! not one note  
Made on your voyage ? Well, 'tis wondrous strange  
That you should let so rare a chance slip by,  
While those who never journey'd half as far  
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world  
To reverently peruse and magnify  
What it well knew before.

Most glorious Rose,  
You are the queenly belle. On you, all eyes  
Admiring turn. Doubtless you might indite  
Romances from your own sweet history.  
They're quite the fashion now, and crowd the page  
Of every periodical. Wilt tell  
None of your heart-adventures ? Never mind !  
We plainly read the zephyr's stolen kiss  
In your deep blush ; so where's the use to seal  
Your lips so cunningly, when all the world  
Call you the flower of love ?

And now good-bye,—

A pleasant gossip have I had with you,  
Obliging visitants, but must away  
To graver toils. Still keep your incense fresh,  
And free to rise to Him who tints your brows,  
Bidding the brown mould and unsightly stem  
Put forth such blaze of beauty, as translates  
To dullest hearts His dialect of love.





Young girl, daughter of the man  
In the middle of the night  
A lot of people to hear  
In the morning, the first



## ERIN'S DAUGHTER.

Poor Erin's daughter cross'd the main  
    In youth's unfolding prime,  
A lot of servitude to bear  
    In this our western clime.

And when the drear heart-sickness came  
    Beneath a stranger sky,  
Tears on her nightly pillow lay,  
    But morning saw them dry.

For still with earnest hope she strove  
    Her distant home to cheer,  
And from her parents lift the load  
    Of poverty severe.

To them with liberal hand she sent  
    Her all—her hard-earn'd store—  
A rapture thrilling through her soul,  
    She ne'er had felt before.

E'en mid her quiet slumbers gleam'd  
A cabin's lighted pane,  
A board with simple plenty crown'd,  
A loved and loving train.

And so her life of earnest toil  
With secret joy was blest,  
For the sweet warmth of filial love  
Made sunshine in her breast.

But bitter tidings o'er the wave  
With fearful echo sped;  
Gaunt famine o'er her home had strode,  
And all were with the dead!

*All gone!*—her brothers in their glee,  
Her sisters young and fair;  
And Erin's daughter bow'd her down  
In desolate despair.

## THE HOLY DEAD.

‘ Wherefore I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are yet alive.’—SOLOMON.

THEY dread no storm that lowers,  
No perish’d joys bewail;  
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,  
Nor drink of streams that fail:  
There is no tear-drop in their eye,  
No change upon their brow;  
Their placid bosom heaves no sigh  
Though all earth’s idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest?  
From whom hath sorrow fled?  
Who share such deep, unbroken rest  
Where all things toil? *The dead!*  
The holy dead. Why weep ye so  
Above yon sable bier?  
Thrice blessed! they have done with wo,  
The living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,  
Deck their low couch of clay  
With earliest spring's soft breathing flowers;  
And when they fade away,  
Think of the amaranthine wreath,  
The garlands never dim,  
And tell me why thou fly'st from death,  
Or hid'st thy friends from him.

We dream, but they awake;  
Dread visions mar our rest;  
Through thorns and snares our way we take,  
And yet we mourn the blest!  
For spirits round the Eternal Throne  
How vain the tears we shed!  
They are the living, they alone,  
Whom thus we call *the dead*.

## DEW-DROPS.

“FATHER, there are no dew-drops on my rose;  
I thought to find them, but they all are gone.  
Was night a niggard? Or did envious dawn  
Steal those bright diamonds from unwaken'd day?”

The father answer'd not, but pointed where  
The sudden falling of a summer shower  
Made quiet music mid the quivering leaves,  
And through the hollows of the freshen'd turf  
Drew lines like silver. Then a bow sprang forth  
Spanning the skies.

“See'st thou yon glorious hues,  
Violet and gold? The dew-drops glitter there,  
That from the bosom of thy rose had fled,  
My precious child. Read thou their lesson well,  
That what is pure and beautiful on earth  
Shall smile in heaven.”

He knew not that he spake

Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon  
Swell'd to a perfect orb her crescent pale,  
That loving soul, which on the parent's breast  
Had sparkled as a dew-drop, was exhaled,  
To mingle mid the brightness of the skies.

## POCAHONTAS.

## I.

CLIME of the West! that, slumbering long and deep,  
Beneath thy misty mountains' solemn shade,  
And, lull'd by melancholy winds that sweep  
The unshorn forest and untrodden glade,  
Heard not the cry when mighty empires died,  
Nor caught one echo from oblivion's tide,  
While age on age its stormy voyage made:  
See! Europe, watching from her sea-girt shore,  
Extends the sceptred hand, and bids thee dream no more.

## II.

Say, was it sweet in cradled rest to lie,  
And 'scape the ills that older regions know?  
Prolong the vision'd trance of infancy,  
And hide from manhood's toil, mischance and wo?  
Sweet, by the margin of thy sounding streams  
Freely to rove, and nurse illusive dreams,  
Nor taste the fruits on thorny trees that grow?

The evil, and the sorrow, and the crime,  
That make the harass'd earth grow old before her time?

## III.

Clime of the West! that to the hunter's bow,  
And roving hordes of savage men, wert sold,  
Their cone-roof'd wigwams pierced the wintry snow,  
Their tassel'd corn\* crept sparsely through the mould,  
Their bark canoes thy glorious waters clave,  
The chase their glory, and the wild their grave:  
Look up! a loftier destiny behold,  
For to thy coast the fair-hair'd Saxon steers,  
Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of bards and seers.

## IV.

Behold a sail! another, and another!  
Like living things on the broad river's breast;  
What were thy secret thoughts, oh red-brow'd brother,  
As toward the shore those white-winged wanderers  
press'd?  
But lo! emerging from her forest zone,

---

\* To those not familiar with the appearance of the Indian corn, on whose cultivation the aborigines of America relied as a principal article of subsistence, it may be well to say that a silky fibre, sometimes compared to a tassel, is protruded from the extremity of the sheath which envelops the golden ear or sheaf of that stately and beautiful vegetable.



---

The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,  
With nodding plumes her raven tresses dress'd,  
Of queenly step, and form erect and bold,  
Yet mute with wondering awe, the New World meets the Old.

## V.

Roll on, majestic flood, in power and pride,  
Which like a sea doth swell old ocean's sway;  
With hasting keel, thy pale-faced sponsors glide  
To keep the pageant of thy christening day:  
They bless thy wave, they bid thee leave unsung  
The uncouth baptism of a barbarous tongue,  
And take his name—the Stuart's—first to lay  
The Scottish thistle on the lion's mane,  
Of all old Albion's kings, most versatile and vain.

## VI.

Spring robes the vales.\* With what a flood of light  
She holds her revels in this sunny clime!  
The flower-sown turf like bossy velvet bright,  
The blossom'd trees exulting in their prime,

---

\* The ships which bore the Virginian colonists—the founders of our nation—entered the Chesapeake April 26, 1607; and on the 13th of May, five months from the time of setting sail from England, which was December 19th, 1606, a permanent embarkation was effected at Jamestown, fifty miles up that noble river, to which the name of James was given, in honour of the reigning monarch.

The leaping streamlets in their joyous play,  
 The birds that frolic mid the diamond spray,  
     Or heavenward soar, with minstrelsy sublime :  
 What wild enchantment spreads a fairy wing,  
 As from their prisoning ships the enfranchised strangers  
     spring.

## VII.

Their tents are pitch'd, their spades have broke the soil,  
     The strong oak thunders as it topples down,  
 Their lily-handed youths essay the toil,\*  
     That from the forest rends its ancient crown.  
 Where are your splendid halls, which ladies tread,  
 Your lordly boards with every luxury spread,  
     Virginian sires—ye men of old renown ?  
 Though few and faint, your ever-living chain  
 Holds in its grasp two worlds, across the surging main.

## VIII.

Yet who can tell what fearful pangs of wo  
     Those weary-hearted colonists awai',  
 When to its home the parting ship must go,  
     And leave them in their exile, desolate ?

---

\* "The axe frequently blistered their tender fingers, so that many times every third blow had a loud oath to drown its echo."—*Hillard's Life of Captain Smith.*

---

Ah, who can paint the peril and the pain,  
 The failing harvest and the famish'd train,  
     The wily foe with ill-dissembled hate,  
 The sickness of the heart, the wan despair,  
 Pining for one fresh draught of its dear native air?

## IX.

Still, mid their cares, a hallow'd dome they rear'd,  
     To nurse devotion's consecrated flame;  
 And there a wondering world of forests heard,  
     First borne in solemn chant, Jehovah's name;  
 First temple to his service, refuge dear  
 From strong affliction and the alien's tear,  
     How swell'd the sacred song in glad acclaim:  
 "England, sweet mother!"\* many a fervent prayer  
 There pour'd its praise to heaven for all thy love and care.

## X.

And they who 'neath the vaulted roof had bow'd  
     Of some proud minster of the olden time,  
 Or where the vast cathedral towards the cloud  
     Rear'd its dark pile in symmetry sublime,  
 While through the storied pane the sunbeam play'd,

---

\* "Lord, bless England, our sweet native country," was the morning and evening prayer in the church at Jamestown, the first church erected in our Western world.

---

Tinting the pavement with a glorious shade,  
 Now breathed from humblest fane their ancient chime :  
 And learn'd they not, His presence sure might dwell  
 With every seeking soul, though bow'd in lowliest cell ?

## XI.

Yet not quite unadorn'd, their house of prayer :  
 The fragrant offspring of the genial morn  
 They duly brought ;\* and fondly offer'd there  
 The bud that trembles ere the rose is born,  
 The blue clematis and the jasmine pale,  
 The scarlet woodbine waving in the gale,  
 The rhododendron, and the snowy thorn,  
 The rich magnolia, with its foliage fair,  
 High-priestess of the flowers, whose censer fills the air.

## XII.

Might not such incense please thee, Lord of love ?  
 Thou, who with bounteous hand dost deign to show  
 Some foretaste of thy Paradise above,  
 To cheer the way-worn pilgrim here below ?  
 Bidd'st thou mid parching sands the floweret meek  
 Strike its frail root and raise its tinted cheek,

---

\* "At the beginning of each day they assembled in the little church, which was kept neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the country."—*Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 141.

And the slight pine defy the arctic snow,  
 That e'en the skeptic's frozen eye may see  
 On Nature's beauteous page what lines she writes of Thee,?

## XIII.

What groups, at Sabbath morn, were hither led !  
 Dejected men with disappointed frown ;  
 Spoil'd youths,\* the parents' darling and their dread,  
 From castles in the air hurl'd ruthless down ;  
 The sea-bronzed mariner, the warrior brave,  
 The keen gold-gatherer, grasping as the grave ;  
 Oft, mid these mouldering walls, which nettles crown,  
 Stern breasts have lock'd their purpose and been still,  
 And contrite spirits knelt, to learn their Maker's will.

## XIV.

Here, in his surplice white, the pastor stood,†  
 A holy man, of countenance serene,

---

\* "A great part of the new company who came out in 1609," says the historian Stith, "consisted of unruly sparks, packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home. The rest were chiefly made up of poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, footmen, and such others as were fitter to spoil and ruin a commonwealth than to help to raise and maintain one. 'When you send again,' Captain Smith was constrained to write to the Corporation in London, 'I entreat you, rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers-up of trees' roots, than a thousand of such as we have.'"

† "The morning-star of the church was the Rev. Mr. Hunt, sent out by the London

Who, mid the quaking earth or fiery flood  
 Unmoved, in truth's own panoply, had been  
 A fair example of his own pure creed;  
 Patient of error, pitiful to need,  
 Persuasive wisdom in his thoughtful mien,  
 And in that Teacher's heavenly meekness bless'd,  
 Who laved his followers' feet, with towel-girded vest.

## XV.

Music upon the breeze! the savage stays  
 His flying arrow as the strain goes by;  
 He starts! he listens! lost in deep amaze,  
 Breath half-suppress'd, and lightning in his eye  
 Have the clouds spoken? Do the spirits rise  
 From his dead fathers' graves, with wildering melodies?  
 Oft did he muse, 'neath midnight's solemn sky,  
 On those deep tones, which, rising o'er the sod,  
 Bore forth, from hill to hill, the white man's hymn to God.

---

company in 1606, among the leaders of the infant colony. It was he who administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time in Virginia at Jamestown, the first permanent habitation of the English in America, and the site of the first Christian temple. He was a man of a truly humble, meek, and peaceful spirit, and it is impossible now to estimate the value of the beneficial influence he exercised upon the fortunes of the colony. His kind offices as peacemaker were frequently interposed to harmonize differences which would have been fatal to the enterprise; and his example of suffering affliction, and of patience in sickness, in poverty, in peril, cheered his drooping companions, inspiring them with such fortitude, and stimulating them to such efforts, as, with the blessing of Providence, enabled them to maintain their difficult positions."—*Rev. Philip Slaughter.*

## XVI.

News of the strangers stirr'd Powhatan's dreams,  
The mighty monarch of the tribes that roam  
A thousand forests,\* and on countless streams  
Urge the swift bark and dare the cataract's foam ;  
The haughtiest chieftains in his presence stood  
Tame as a child, and from the field of blood  
His war-cry thrill'd with fear the foeman's home :  
His nod was death, his frown was fix'd as fate,  
Unchangeable his love, invincible his hate.

## XVII.

A forest-child, amid the flowers at play! †  
Her raven locks in strange profusion flowing ;  
A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,  
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing ;  
Yet, whether in her gladsome frolic leaping,  
Or 'neath the greenwood shade unconscious sleeping,  
Or with light oar her fairy pinnace rowing,

---

\* Powhatan, the king of the country where the founders of Virginia first chose their residence, was said to hold dominion over thirty nations or tribes who inhabited that region; and being possessed both of arbitrary power and much native talent, his enmity was dreaded, and pains taken by the colonists to conciliate his friendship.

† "Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a girl of ten or twelve years of age, who, not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of her people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country."—*Captain John Smith.*

Still, like the eaglet on its new-fledged wing,  
Her spirit-glance bespoke the daughter of a king.

## XVIII.

But he, that wily monarch, stern and old,  
Mid his grim chiefs, with barbarous trappings bright,  
That morn a court of savage state did hold.  
The sentenced captive see,—his brow how white!  
Stretch'd on the turf his manly form lies low,  
The war-club poises for its fatal blow,  
The death-mist swims before his darken'd sight:  
Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold,  
Her head on his reclines, her arms his neck enfold.

## XIX.

“The child! what madness fires her? Hence! Depart!  
Fly, daughter, fly! before the death-stroke rings:  
Divide her, warriors, from that English heart.”  
In vain! for with convulsive grasp she clings:  
She claims a pardon from her frowning sire;  
Her pleading tones subdue his gather'd ire;\*  
And so, uplifting high his feathery dart,

---

\* “Live! live!” said the softened monarch, “and make hatchets for me, and necklaces for Pocahontas.”



---

That doting father gave the child her will,  
And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.

## XX.

Know'st thou what thou hast done, thou dark-hair'd child?  
What great events on thy compassion hung?  
What prowess lurks beneath yon aspect mild,  
And in the accents of that foreign tongue?  
As little knew the princess who descried  
A floating speck on Egypt's turbid tide,  
A bulrush-ark the matted reeds among,  
And, yielding to an infant's tearful smile,  
Drew forth Jehovah's seer from the devouring Nile.

## XXI.

In many a clime, in many a battle tried  
By Turkish sabre and by Moorish spear;  
Mid Afric's sands, or Russian forests wide,  
Romantic, bold, chivalrous, and sincere,  
Keen-eyed, clear-minded, and of purpose pure,  
Dauntless to rule, or patient to endure,  
Was he\* whom thou hast rescued with a tear:

---

\* The extraordinary features in the character of Captain John Smith, and the strange incidents which made almost the whole of his life a romance, are exhibited by many historians. Hillard, in his biography of him, says, "We see him performing at the same time

Thou wert the saviour of the Saxon vine,  
And for this deed alone, our praise and love are thine.

## XXII.

Not yet for this alone, shall history's scroll  
    Embalm thine image with a grateful tear ;  
For when the grasp of famine tried the soul,  
    When strength decay'd, and dark despair was near,  
Who led her train of playmates, day by day,  
O'er rock, and stream, and wild, a weary way,  
    Their baskets teeming with the golden ear ?\*  
Whose generous hand vouchsafed its tireless aid  
To guard a nation's germ ? Thine, thine, heroic maid !

## XXIII.

On sped the tardy seasons, and the hate  
    Of the pale strangers wrung the Indian breast.

---

the offices of a provident governor, a valiant soldier, an industrious labourer, capable alike of commanding and of executing. He seemed to court the dangers from which other men shrank, or which they encountered only from a sense of duty. As the storm darkens around him, his spirit grows more bright and serene. That which appals and disheartens others only animates him. He had a soul of fire, encased in a frame of adamant. Thus was he enabled to endure and accomplish all the promptings of his adventurous spirit." "He was the father of Virginia," says Bancroft in his history, "the true leader who first planted the Saxon vine in the United States."

\* When the colony was in danger of utter extinction from the want of food, her zeal and benevolence never slumbered. Accompanied by her companions, the child Pocahontas came every few days to the fort with baskets of corn for the starving garrison. Smith, in his letter to Queen Anne, writes, "She, next under God, was the instrument to preserve

Their hoary prophet breathed the ban of fate:

“Hence with the thunderers! Hide their race, un-  
bless’d,

Deep ’neath the soil they falsely call their own;

For from our fathers’ graves a hollow moan,

Like the lash’d surge, bereaves my soul of rest.

‘They come! they come!’ it cries. ‘Ye once were brave:  
Will ye resign the world that the Great Spirit gave?’”

## XXIV.

Yet ’neath the settled countenance of guile

They veil’d their vengeful purpose, dark and dire,

And wore the semblance of a quiet smile,

To lull the victim of their deadly ire:

But ye, who hold of history’s scroll the pen,

Blame not too much those erring, red-brow’d men,

Though nursed in wiles. Fear is the white-lipp’d sire

Of subterfuge and treachery. ’Twere in vain

To bid the soul be true, that writhes beneath his chain.

## XXV.

Night, moonless night! The forest hath no sound

But the low shiver of its dripping leaves,

Save here and there, amid its depths profound,  
The sullen sigh the prowling panther heaves;  
Save the fierce growling of the cubless bear,  
Or tramp of gaunt wolf rushing from his lair,  
Where its slow coil the poisonous serpent weaves:  
Who dares the dangerous path at hour so wild,  
With fleet and fawnlike step? Powhatan's fearless child!

## XXVI.

“Up, up—away! I heard the words of power,  
Those secret vows that seal a nation's doom,  
Bid the red flame burst forth at midnight hour,  
And make the unconscious slumberer's bed his tomb;  
Spare not the babe—the rose-leaf of a day—  
But shred the sapling, like the oak, away.  
I heard the curse! My soul is sick with gloom:  
Wake, chieftains, wake! avert the hour of dread!”  
And with that warning voice the guardian-angel fled.\*

## XXVII.

On sped the seasons, and the forest-child  
Was rounded to the symmetry of youth;

---

\* “Notwithstanding, the eternal, all-seeing God did prevent the plot of Powhatan, and by a strange means. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewel and daughter, came through the irksome woods in that dark night, and told us that great cheer might be sent us by-and-by, but that the king, and all the power he could make, would afterward come and kill us all.

---

While o'er her features stole, serenely mild,  
The trembling sanctity of woman's truth,  
Her modesty and simpleness and grace:  
Yet those who deeper scan the human face,  
Amid the trial-hour of fear or ruth,  
Might clearly read, upon its heaven-writ scroll,  
That high and firm resolve which nerved the Roman soul.

## XXVIII.

The simple sports that charm'd her childhood's way,  
Her greenwood gambols mid the matted vines,  
The curious glance of wild and searching ray,  
Where innocence with ignorance combines,  
Were changed for deeper thought's persuasive air,  
Or that high port a princess well might wear.  
So fades the doubtful star when morning shines;  
So melts the young dawn at the enkindling ray,  
And on the crimson cloud casts off its mantle gray.

## XXIX.

On sped the tardy seasons. Need I say  
What still the indignant lyre declines to tell?

---

Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in we would have given her; but, with tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have them; for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead. And so she ran away by herself, as she came."—*Captain Smith*.

How, by rude hands, the maiden, borne away,  
Was forced amid the invaders' homes to dwell?  
Yet no harsh bonds the guiltless prisoner wore,  
No sharp constraint her gentle spirit bore,  
Held as a hostage in the stranger's cell;\*  
So, to her wayward fate submissive still,  
She meekly bow'd her heart to learn a Saviour's will.

## XXX.

And holy was the voice that taught her ear  
How for our sins the Lord of life was slain;  
While o'er the listener's bosom flow'd the tear  
Of wondering gratitude, like spring-tide rain.  
New joys burst forth, and high resolves were born  
To choose the narrow path that worldlings scorn,  
And walk therein. Oh, happy who shall gain  
From the brief cloud that in his path may lie  
A heritage sublime, a mansion in the sky.

## XXXI.

In graceful youth, within the house of prayer,  
Who by the sacred font so humbly kneels,

---

\* The object of the capture and detention of the princess seems to have been to bring her father to such terms as the colonists desired, or to extort from him a large ransom; both of which designs were frustrated.

And with a tremulous yet earnest air,  
The deathless vow of Christian fealty seals?  
The Triune Name is breathed with hallow'd power,  
The dew baptismal bathes the forest-flower,  
And, lo! her chasten'd smile that hope reveals  
Which nerved the weary dove o'er floods unblest'd,  
The olive-leaf to pluck, and gain the ark of rest.

## XXXII.

Pour forth your incense; fragrant shrubs and flowers,  
Wave your fresh leaflets, and with beauty glow;  
And wake the anthem in your choral bowers,  
Birds, whose warm hearts with living praise o'erflow;  
For she who loved your ever-varied dyes,  
Mingling her sweet tones with your symphonies,  
Seeks higher bliss than charms like yours bestow—  
A home unchangeable—an angel's wing—  
Where is no fading flower, nor lute with jarring string.

## XXXIII.

Another change. The captive's lot grew fair:  
A soft illusion with her reveries blent,  
New charms dispell'd her solitary care,  
And hope's fresh dew-drops gleam'd where'er she  
went;

---

Earth seem'd to glow with Eden's purple light,  
The fleeting days glanced by on pinions bright,  
For every hour a rainbow lustre lent;  
While, with his tones of music in her ear,  
Love's eloquence inspired the graceful cavalier.

## XXXIV.

Yet love to her pure breast was but a name  
For kindling knowledge, and for taste refined;  
A guiding lamp, whose bright, mysterious flame  
Led on to loftier heights the aspiring mind.  
Hence flow'd the idiom of a foreign tongue  
All smoothly o'er her lip; old history flung  
Its annal wide, like banner on the wind,  
And o'er the storied page, with rapture wild,  
A new existence dawn'd on nature's fervent child.

## XXXV.

A throng is gathering; for the hallow'd dome  
At evening-tide is rich with sparkling light,  
And from its verdant bound each rural home  
Sends forth its blossom'd gifts, profusely bright;  
While here and there, amid the clustering flowers,  
Some stately chief or painted warrior towers,  
Hail'd as a brother mid the festal rite:



---

Peace waves her garland o'er the favour'd place  
Where weds the new-born West with Europe's lordly race.\*

## XXXVI.

A group before the altar. Breathe thy vow,  
Loving and stainless one, without a fear ;  
For he who wins thee to his bosom now,  
Gem of the wild, unparalleled and dear,  
Will guard thee ever, as his treasure rare,  
With changeless tenderness and constant care ;  
How speaks his noble brow a soul sincere,  
While the old white-hair'd king, with eye of pride,  
Gives to his ardent hand the timid, trusting bride.

## XXXVII.

Not with more heartfelt joy the warlike bands  
Of Albion, spent with long disastrous fray,  
Beheld young Tudor cleanse his blood-stain'd hands,  
And lead the blooming heir of York away,  
'Neath the sweet music of the marriage bells.  
Then on those tented hills and ravaged dells  
The War of Roses died: no more the ray

---

\* The marriage of Mr. Rolfe with Pocahontas took place in the church at Jamestown in the month of April, 1613, and gave great delight to Powhatan and his chieftains, who were present at the ceremony, and also to the English, and proved a bond of peace and a nity between them as lasting as the life of the Indian king.

Of white or red, the fires of hate illumed,  
But from their blended roots the rose of Sharon bloom'd.\*

## XXXVIII.

Young wife, how beautiful the months swept by.  
Within thy bower methinks I view thee still:  
The meek observance of thy lifted eye  
Bent on thy lord, and prompt to do his will;  
The care for him, the happiness to see  
His soul's full confidence repose in thee,  
The sacrifice of self, the ready skill  
In duty's path, the love without alloy,  
These gave each circling year a brighter crown of joy.

## XXXIX.

Out on the waters! On the deep, deep sea!  
Out, out upon the waters! Surging foam,  
Swell'd by the winds, rolls round her wild and free,  
And memory wanders to her distant home,  
To fragrant gales, the blossom'd boughs that stir,

---

\* The rose striped with white and red, sometimes called the rose of Sharon, has been said in some ancient legend, to have been first seen in England after the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., when the civil war which had so long raged with bitterness was terminated, and the Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York ceased to be the unnatural symbols of bloodshed.

To the sad sire who fondly dreams of her ;  
    But kindling smiles recall the thoughts that roam,  
For at her side a bright-hair'd nursing plays,  
While bends her bosom's lord with fond, delighted gaze.

## XL.

And this is woman's world. It matters not  
    Though in the trackless wilderness she dwell,  
Or on the cliff where hangs the Switzer's cot,  
    Or in the subterranean Greenland cell:  
Her world is in the heart. Rude storms may rise,  
And dark eclipse involve ambition's skies,  
    But dear affection's flame burns pure and well,  
And therefore 'tis, with such a placid eye,  
She soothes her loved ones' pangs, or lays her down to die.

## XLI.

Lo! Albion's cliffs, in glorious light that shine,  
    Welcome the princess of the infant West.  
'Twas nobly done, thou queen of Stuart's line,\*  
    To soothe the tremors of that stranger's breast ;

---

\* On the 12th of June, 1616, Mr. Rolfe, with his Indian wife, who, after her baptism, was known by the name of the Lady Rebecca, arrived in England. Her merits had preceded her, and secured for her the attentions and hospitality of persons of rank and influence. The queen of James I., the reigning monarch, treated her with affability and respect. "It pleased both the king's and queen's majesties," writes Captain Smith,

---

And when, upon thy ladies richly dight,  
 She, through a flood of ebon tresses bright,  
     Uplifts the glances of a timid guest,  
 What sees she there? The greeting smiles that brought  
 O'er her own lofty brow its native hues of thought.

## XLII.

But what delighted awe her accents breathed,  
     The gorgeous domes of ancient days to trace,  
 The castellated towers, with ivy wreathed,  
     The proud mementoes of a buried race;  
 Or 'neath some mighty minster's solemn pile,  
 Dim arch, and fretted roof, and long-drawn aisle,  
     How rush'd the heart's blood wildly to her face,  
 When, from the living organ's thunder-chime,  
 The full Te Deum burst in melody sublime.

## XLIII.

Yet, mid the magic of those regal walls,  
     The glittering train, the courtier's flattering tone,  
 Or by her lord, through fair ancestral halls,  
     Led on, to claim their treasures as her own,

---

<sup>20</sup>  
 "honourably to esteem her, accompanied with that honourable lady, the Lady Delaware, and that honourable lord her husband, and divers other persons of good quality, both publicly and at the masks and concerts, to her great satisfaction and content."

---

Stole back the scenery of her solitude :  
An aged father, in his cabin rude,  
    Mix'd with her dreams a melancholy moan,  
Notching his simple calendar,\* with pain,  
And straining his red eye to watch the misty main.

## XLIV.

Prayer, prayer for him ! when the young dawn arose  
    With its gray banner, or red day declined,  
Up went his name, for ever blent with those  
    Most close and strong around her soul entwined,  
Husband and child ; and, as the time drew near  
To fold him to her heart with filial tear,  
    For her first home her warm affections pined.  
That time—it came not ! for a viewless hand  
Was stretch'd to bar her foot from her green childhood's land.

## XLV.

Sweet sounds of falling waters, cool and clear,  
    The crystal streams, her playmates, far away,

---

\* The mode of computation by cutting notches upon a stick prevailed among many of our aboriginal tribes. One of the council of Powhatan, who accompanied Pocahontas, was directed in this manner to mark the number of the people he might meet. He obtained a very long cane on his landing, and commenced the task. But he soon became weary of this manner of taking the census, and, on his return home, said to his king, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, the sands on the seashore, but not the people of England."

Oft, oft their dulcet music mock'd her ear,  
As, restless, on her fever'd couch she lay;  
Strange visions hover'd round, and harpings high,  
From spirit-bands, and then her lustrous eye  
Welcomed the call; but earth resumed its sway,  
And all its sacred ties convulsive twined.  
How hard to spread the wing, and leave the loved behind!

## XLVI.

Sunset in England at the autumn prime!  
Through foliage rare, what floods of light were sent!  
The full and whitening harvest knew its time,  
And to the sickle of the reaper bent;  
Forth rode the winged seeds upon the gale,  
New homes to find; but she, with lip so pale,  
Who on the arm of her beloved leant,  
Breathed words of tenderness, with smile serene,  
Though faint and full of toil, the gasp and groan between.

## XLVII.

“Oh, dearest friend, Death cometh! He is here,  
Here at my heart! Air! air! that I may speak  
My hoarded love, my gratitude sincere,  
To thee and to thy people. But I seek  
In vain. Though most unworthy, yet I hear

A call, a voice too bless'd for mortal ear ;"  
And with a marble coldness on her cheek,  
And one long moan, like breaking harp-string sweet,  
She bare the unspoken lore to her Redeemer's feet.

## XLVIII.

Gone? *Gone?* Alas! the burst of wild despair  
That rent his bosom who had loved so well ;  
He had not yet put forth his strength to bear,  
So suddenly and sore the death-shaft fell.  
Man hath a godlike might in danger's hour,  
In the red battle, or the tempest's power ;  
Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell.  
Ah, who can mark with cold and tearless eyes  
The grief of stricken man when his sole idol dies !

## XLIX.

And she had fled, in whom his heart's deep joy  
Was garner'd up ; fled, like the rushing flame,  
And left no farewell for her fair young boy.  
Lo! in his nurse's arms he careless came,  
A noble creature, with his full dark eye  
And clustering curls, in nature's majesty ;  
But, with a sudden shriek, his mother's name

---

Burst from his lips, and, gazing on the clay,  
He stretch'd his eager arms where the cold sleeper lay.

## L.

“Oh, mother! mother!” Did that bitter cry  
Send a shrill echo through the realm of death?  
Look to the trembling fringes of the eye;  
List the sharp shudder of returning breath,  
The spirit's sob! They lay him on her breast;  
One long, long kiss on his bright brow she press'd;  
'E'en from heaven's gate of bliss she lingereth,  
To breathe one blessing o'er his precious head,  
And then her arm unclasps, and she is of the dead.\*

## LI.

The dead! the sainted dead! why should we weep  
At the last change their settled features take?  
At the calm impress of that holy sleep  
Which care and sorrow never more shall break?  
Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,

---

\* Early in the year 1617, while preparing to return to her native land, she was taken sick, and died at the age of twenty-two. She was buried at Gravesend. Her firmness and resignation proved the sincerity of her piety; and, as Bancroft eloquently observes, “She was saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprang, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth.”



And bids the slumberers from that transient gloom  
In their Redeemer's glorious image wake?  
Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne  
Swift as the shadow fleets? What time have we to mourn?

## LII.

A little time thou found'st, O pagan king,  
A little space, to murmur and repine:  
Oh, bear a few brief months affliction's sting,  
And gaze despondent o'er the billowy brine,  
And then to the Great Spirit, dimly traced  
Through cloud and tempest, and with fear embraced,  
In doubt and mystery, thy breath resign;  
And to thy scorn'd and perish'd people go,  
From whose long-trampled dust our flowers and herbage  
grow.

## LIII.

Like the fallen leaves those forest-tribes have fled;  
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies;  
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,  
Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer flies;  
But from the far, far west, where holds, so hoarse,  
The lonely Oregon, its rock-strewn course,  
While old Pacific's sullen surge replies,

Are heard their exiled murmurings deep and low,  
Like one whose smitten soul departeth full of wo.

## LIV.

I would ye were not, from your fathers' soil,  
Track'd like the dun wolf, ever in your breast  
The coal of vengeance and the curse of toil;  
I would we had not to your mad lip prest  
The fiery poison-cup, nor on ye turn'd  
The blood-tooth'd ban-dog, foaming, as he burn'd  
To tear your flesh; but thrown in kindness blest  
The brother's arm around ye, as ye trod,  
And led ye, sad of heart, to the meek Lamb of God.

## LV.

Forgotten race, farewell! Your haunts we tread,  
Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore,  
Our mountains wear them on their misty head,  
Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the shore;  
But on the lake your flashing oar is still,  
Hush'd is your hunter's cry on dale and hill,  
Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more;  
And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest  
In unremember'd tombs, unpitied and unblest'd.

## LVI.

The council-fires are quench'd, that erst so red  
Their midnight volume mid the groves entwined;  
King, stately chief, and warrior-host are dead,  
Nor remnant nor memorial left behind:  
But thou, O forest-princess, true of heart,  
When o'er our fathers waved destruction's dart,  
Shalt in their children's loving hearts be shrined;  
Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,  
It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave.

## THE LITTLE FOOTSTEP

I SAW a tiny footstep in the snow,  
Beside a cottage door.

So slight it was,  
And fairy-like, methought it scarce belong'd  
To our terrestrial race. With zigzag course,  
On the white element it left a trace,  
While here and there, the likeness of a hand,  
Each baby-finger like a spider's claw  
Outspread to clutch, reveal'd some morsel cold,  
Snatch'd, and by stealth to the red lip conveyed.  
—Didst think 'twas sugar, child? and this round world  
All one huge, frosted cake?

Others have made  
Mistakes as strange, e'en though their locks were gray.

So musing on I went, until the track  
Of that small creature was abruptly stay'd,  
While trampling parallel, broad, heavy feet,

In backward lines, their giant impress made,  
Quite to the cottage-gate.

Some pirate, sure,  
Had captured the poor traveller, in the bud  
And blossom of its joyous enterprise,  
And, nolens volens, bore it home again.  
Moreover, in the note-book of the snow  
I read this capture was against its will,  
For at the juncture of those differing feet,  
Marks of a passion-struggle plainly told  
A differing purpose; and I seem'd to hear  
The angry shriek of the indignant child  
Intent on freedom, and the smother'd wail  
With which, at length, it yielded to the force  
Of nurse or servant,—and to nursery drear,  
Perchance to darken'd closet, for its fault  
Was borne appall'd.

So, o'er the race of time,  
Young fancy starts, unbridled, unarray'd,  
Undisciplined, until stern Reason's grasp  
Arrests the fugitive. Anon, the cares,  
And toils, and tyrannies of time, dispel  
Its frost-work fabrics. So, with pinion'd wing  
And fallen crest, it yieldeth to their will,  
Bearing "*sub jugum*" on its tattoo'd brow  
Like some New Zealand chief.

A lesson strong,  
Yet needful, thou hast in thy memory stored  
This day, sad infant.

Liberty's excess  
Is pruned within thee, and henceforth must know  
Curb and restraint, till, like La Plata's steed,  
It heed the lasso well.

Thus, may we gain,  
We, older scholars in life's school austere,  
From all its discipline a will subdued,  
And, when its hour-glass closes, find at last  
A Father's house, like thee.

## SCOTLAND'S FAMINE.

THERE'S weeping mid the lonely sea  
Where the rude Hebrids lie,  
And where the misty Highlands point  
Their foreheads to the sky.

The oats were blighted on the stalk,  
The corn before its bloom,  
And many a hand that held the plough  
Is pulseless in the tomb.

There is no playing in the streets,  
The haggard children move  
Like mournful phantoms, mute and slow,  
Uncheer'd by hope or love.

No dog upon his master fawns,  
No sheep the hillocks throng,  
Not e'en the playmate kitten sports  
The sad-eyed babes among.

No more the cock his clarion sounds,  
Nor brooding wing is spread;  
There is no food in barn or stall,  
The household birds are dead.

From the young maiden's hollow cheek  
The ruddy blush is gone,  
The peasant like a statue stands,  
And hardens into stone.

The shuttle sleepeth in the loom,  
The crook upon the walls,  
And from the languid mother's hand  
The long-used distaff falls.

She hears her children ask for bread,  
And what can she bestow?  
She sees their uncomplaining sire  
A mournful shadow grow.

Oh Scotia! Sister! if thy woes  
Awake no pitying care,  
If long at banquet-board we sit  
Nor heed thy deep despair,—



---

While thou art pining unto death,  
Amid thy heather brown,  
Wilt not the Giver of our joys  
Upon our luxuries frown?

And blast the blossom of our pride,  
And ban the rusted gold,  
And turn the morsel into gall  
That we from thee withhold?

## THE PASSING BELL.

In ancient times, the passing bell was tolled when a fellow-being approached death, that Christians might unite in supplication for a peaceful passage to the departing soul. This usage was probably abolished about the time of the Reformation, lest it might tend to fortify the Romish custom of praying for the dead.

OH, solemn passing-bell !  
What said thy measured knell  
    In ancient time,  
When, breaking folly's song,  
It warn'd a listening throng  
    With mournful chime ?

Slowly o'er rock and dell,  
Thus thy deep accents fell,  
    Thus spake the toll:  
"One of thine own frail race  
Gaspeth in death's embrace—  
    Pray for his soul.

“The strong man’s arm is weak;  
See from pale brow and cheek  
Cold dew-drops roll;  
How can he break away  
From those who need his stay?  
Pray for his soul.

“Hark to a wailing sound!  
A household gather round  
With grief and dole;  
The mother struggleth sore,  
She heeds her babe no more—  
Pray for her soul.

“To beauty’s shaded room,  
The spoiler’s step of gloom  
Hath darkly stole;  
Her lips are ghastly white,  
A film is o’er her sight—  
Pray for her soul.”

Oh, bell that slowly toll’d!  
Were these thy words of old,  
Bidding men bow  
In prayer for those who bear  
The pang they soon must share?  
What say’st thou now?

“One from his dear abode  
Travelleth the church-yard road,  
To his last bed;  
The widow next the bier  
Walketh, with blinding tear—  
Toll for the dead.

“The pauper layeth down  
Gaunt penury’s galling crown  
Of scorn and dread;  
Great as a king he goes  
Unto his long repose—  
Toll for the dead.

“From crib and cradle fair,  
From love’s unresting care,  
A child hath fled;  
Let snow-drops lift their eye  
Where the shorn bud must lie—  
Toll for the dead.

“Low ’neath the coffin-lid  
An aged one hath hid  
His hoary head;  
On staff, at sunny door,  
Ye’ll see him lean no more—  
Toll for the dead.”

---

Oh, holy passing bell !  
Mingling thy solemn knell  
    Thus with our tears ;  
While, like the shuttle's flight,  
Like the short summer-night,  
    Fleet our brief years ;

Prompt us His will to do,  
Bid us His favour sue,  
Warn us His wrath to rue,  
    Unto whose eye,  
Unto whose bar of dread,  
Judge of the quick and dead,  
Every hour's silent tread  
    Bringeth us nigh.

## THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

AN axe rang sharply mid those forest shades  
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd  
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,  
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side  
His little son, with question and response,  
Beguiled the toil.

“Boy, thou hast never seen  
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks  
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou  
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd,  
So many days, on toward the setting sun?  
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,  
Was but a creeping stream.”

“Father, the brook  
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd  
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,  
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,  
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye  
They are as strangers. And those little trees

My mother nurtured in the garden bound  
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach  
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,  
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl," and with light step  
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,  
And, setting down the basket that contain'd  
His noon's repast, look'd upward to his face  
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,  
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song  
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,  
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,  
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
Still made me joyful, as I went to tend  
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then,  
In that first home. I should be happier now,  
Methinks, if I could find among these dells  
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,  
And round the rude hut of the emigrant  
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm

Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,  
And he, with head declined, sat listening long  
To the swoln waters of the Illinois  
Dashing against their shores.

Starting he spake—

“Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?  
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls  
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,  
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,  
Befit thee better than these rugged walls  
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home.”

“No, no. All was so still around, methought  
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,  
Which mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,  
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice  
Dissolved the illusion.”

And the gentle smile  
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd  
Her waking infant, reassured his soul  
That wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,  
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.  
Content and placid, to his rest he sank;  
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play  
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought  
Their will with him.



---

Up rose the thronging mart  
Of his own native city—roof and spire,  
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.  
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd:  
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,  
With shrill and joyous bark; familiar doors  
Flew open; greeting hands with his were link'd  
In friendship's grasp; he heard the keen debate  
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind  
Doth blend and brighten—and, till morning, roved  
Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL AT  
A FESTIVAL.

SHE sate beneath the leafy shade

Where young birds chirp'd in leafy cell,  
Where wild flowers deck'd the mossy glade,  
And tuneful waters murmuring fell.

And smile and song and mirth were there,  
While youth and joy fresh garlands wove,  
And white-robed forms, with tresses fair,  
Were gliding through the enchanted grove.

But there she sat with drooping head,  
By stern misfortune darkly bound,  
By holy light unvisited,  
And silent mid a world of sound.

Chain'd down to solitary gloom,  
No sense of quick delight was there,  
Save when the blossom's rich perfume  
Came floating on the scented air.

---

She rose, and sadly sought her home  
Where with the voiceless train she dwelt,  
'Neath charity's majestic dome,  
For bounteous hearts her sorrows felt.

But while her mute companions share  
Those joys that ne'er await the blind,  
A moral night of deep despair  
Descending shrouds her lonely mind.

For not to her, Creation lends  
Or blush of morn or beaming moon,  
Nor pitying Knowledge makes amends  
For step-dame Nature's stinted boon.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path,  
Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,  
Or in its bitter cup of wrath  
The healing drop of balm forgot.

No ! still with unambitious mind  
The needle's patient task to ply,  
At the full board her place to find,  
Or close in sleep the placid eye;

With order's unobtrusive charm  
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,  
To press of guiding care the arm,  
And rove where autumn's bounty flows;

With touch so exquisitely true  
That vision stands astonish'd by,  
To recognise with ardor due  
Some friend or benefactor nigh;

Her hand mid childhood's curls to place,  
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,  
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,  
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought  
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,  
As if the living gems she caught  
On wit's fantastic drapery;

As if, at length, relenting skies,  
In pity to her doom severe,  
Had bade a mimic morning rise,  
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

---

But who, with energy divine,  
    May tread that undiscover'd maze,  
Where Nature in her curtain'd shrine  
    The strange and new-born thought surveys?

Where quick Perception shrinks to find  
    On eye and ear the envious seal,  
And wild ideas throng the mind,  
    That palsied speech must ne'er reveal;

Where Instinct, like a robber bold,  
    Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,  
And, leaping o'er her barrier cold,  
    Proclaims the proud precaution vain.

Say, who shall with magician's wand  
    That elemental mass compose,  
Where young affections slumber fond  
    Like germs unwaked mid wintry snows?

Who, in that undecipher'd scroll,  
    The mystic characters may see,  
Save He who reads the secret soul,  
    And holds of life and death the key?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,  
    Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,  
And to thy last and narrow home,  
    Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes,—uninterpreted and drear,  
    Toil onward with benighted mind,  
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,  
    And grope for truth thou mayst not find.

No scroll of friendship, or of love,  
    Must breathe soft language o'er thy heart;  
Nor that blest Book which guides above,  
    Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou who didst on Calvary die,  
    Flows not thy mercy wide and free?  
Thou who didst rend of *Death* the tie,  
    Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee?

And Thou, oh Spirit pure! whose rest  
    Is with the lowly contrite train,  
Illume the temple of her breast,  
    And cleanse of latent ill the stain;

That she, whose pilgrimage below  
Was night that never hoped a morn,  
That undeclining day may know  
Which of eternity is born. .

The great transition who can tell?  
When from the ear its seal shall part,  
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,  
And holy transport thrills the heart;

When the chain'd tongue, forbid to pour  
The broken melodies of time,  
Shall to the highest numbers soar  
Of everlasting praise sublime:

When those veil'd orbs, which ne'er might trace  
The features of their kindred clay,  
Shall scan, of Deity, the face,  
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

## NO GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—PSALM xiv.

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower  
That on the wild is found,  
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,  
And trembles at the sound.

"No God!" astonish'd Echo cries  
From out her cavern hoar;  
And every wandering bird that flies  
Reproves the atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head  
The Almighty to proclaim;  
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,  
Doth leap to grave his name;  
High swells the deep and vengeful sea  
Along its billowy track,  
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth  
To hurl the falsehood back.



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The palm-tree, with its princely crest,  
The cocoa's leafy shade,  
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,  
In yon far island glade;  
The winged seeds that, borne by winds,  
The roving sparrows feed,  
The melon on the desert sands,  
Confute the scorner's creed

“*No God!*” With indignation high  
The fervent sun is stirr'd,  
And the pale moon turns paler still  
At such an impious word!  
And, from their burning thrones, the stars  
Look down with angry eye,  
That thus a worm of dust should mock  
Eternal Majesty.

## THE MOURNING DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement roll'd, and a slight form,  
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,  
Reach'd the paternal threshold. Wrathful night  
Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung  
On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.  
She stood and shiver'd, but no mother's hand  
Dried these damp tresses, and with warm caress  
Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand  
Was with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Gray and sad,  
The tottering nurse rose up, and that old man,  
The soldier-servant who had train'd the steeds  
Of her slain brothers for the battle-field,  
Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain  
Where her sick father pined.

Oft had he yearn'd  
For her sweet presence; oft, in midnight's watch,  
Mused of his dear one's smile, till dreams restored  
The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip

Breathing his woes away. While distant far,  
She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,  
Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring still.  
In the heart's casket, his approving word  
And the pure music of the welcome home,  
Rich payment of her labours.

But there came  
A summons of surprise, and on the wings  
Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late;  
The lamp of life still burn'd, yet 'twas too late.  
The mind had pass'd away, and who could call  
Its wing from out the sky?

For the embrace  
Of strong idolatry, was but the glare  
Of a fix'd vacant eye. Disease had dealt  
A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight  
That fell on these fresh hopes, when all in vain  
The passive hand was grasp'd, and the wide halls  
Re-echo'd "*Father! father!*"

Through the shades  
Of that long, silent night, she sleepless bent;  
Pathing with tireless hand the unmoved brow,  
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn  
Came with its rose-tint up, she shrieking clasp'd  
Her hands in joy, for its reviving ray  
Flush'd that wan brow, as if with one brief trace

Of waken'd intellect. 'Twas seeming all,  
 And hope's fond vision faded, as the day  
 Rode on in glory.

    Ere her curtain drew  
 And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,  
 Still unreposing. Restless on his couch  
 Toss'd the sick man. Cold lethargy had steep'd  
 Its last dead poppy in his heart's red stream,  
 And agony was stirring Nature up  
 To struggle with her foe.

    "Father in heaven!  
 Oh give him sleep!" sigh'd an imploring voice,  
 And then she ran to hush the measured tick  
 Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl  
 That, clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd  
 A boding note. But soon from that lone couch  
 A hollow groan announced the foe that strikes  
 But once.

    They bore the fainting girl away;  
 And paler than that ashen corse, her face,  
 Half by a flood of ebony tresses hid,  
 Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder. It was sad  
 To see a young heart breaking, while the old  
 Sank down to rest.

    There was another change.  
 The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,

And groups came gathering to the gate where stood  
The sable hearse. Friends throng'd with heavy hearts,  
And curious villagers, intent to scan  
The lordly mansion, and cold worldly men,  
E'en o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,  
Revolving selfish schemes.

But one was there,  
To whom all earth could render nothing back,  
Like that pale, changeless brow. Calmly she stood,  
As marble statue. Not one trickling tear  
Or trembling of the eyelid told she lived,  
Or tasted sorrow. The old house-dog came,  
Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,  
All unreprieved.

He for his master mourn'd;  
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft  
His shaggy length through many a fireside hour  
Stretch'd at her father's feet? who round his bed  
Of sickness watch'd with wistful, wondering eye  
Of earnest sympathy? No, round his neck  
Her infant arms had clasp'd, and still he raised  
His noble front beside her, proud to guard  
The last, loved relic of his master's house.

The deadly calmness of that mourner's brow  
Was a deep riddle to the lawless thought

Of babbling gossips. Of her sire they spake,  
Who suffer'd not the winds of heaven to touch  
The tresses of his darling, and who dream'd,  
In the warm passion of his heart's sole love,  
She was a mate for angels. Bold they gazed  
Upon her tearless cheek, and, murmuring, said,  
"How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd."  
Oh woman, oft misconstrued! the pure pearls  
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,  
For the unpausing and impatient hand  
To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast  
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,  
Though the blanch'd lip breath'd out no boisterous plaint  
Of common grief.

E'en on to life's decline,  
Through all the giddy round of prosperous years,  
The birth of new affections, and the charms  
That cluster round earth's favourites, there walk'd  
Still at her side the image of her sire,  
As in that hour, when his cold, glazing eye  
Met hers, and knew her not. When her full cup  
Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance,  
Checking its effervescence, taught her soul  
The chasten'd wisdom of attemper'd joy.

## INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the Red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by the names of their giving?"

YE say they all have pass'd away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanish'd  
From off the crested wave  
That mid the forests where they roam'd  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like Ocean's surge is curl'd;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tributes from the west,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,  
That cluster'd o'er the vale,  
Have fled away like wither'd leaves  
Before the autumn gale:  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore;  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
Mid all her young renown;  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice  
Within his rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart;  
Monadnock on his forehead bear  
Doth seal the sacred trust;  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.



## FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,  
The sentence speeds—*to die, to die.*  
So long in mystic union held,  
So close with strong embrace compell'd,  
How canst thou bear the dread decree,  
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?  
—To Him who on this mortal shore,  
The same encircling vestment wore,  
To Him I look, to Him I bend,  
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.  
—If I have ever caused thee pain,  
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,  
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,  
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail,  
Forgive! forgive!—thy task doth cease,  
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace.  
If thou didst sometimes check my force,  
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust ;  
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,  
I blame thee not, the strife is done ;  
I knew thou wert the weaker one,  
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,  
Constrain'd to hold the breath of God.  
—Well hast thou in my service wrought ;  
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought ;  
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd ;  
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flow'd ;  
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies  
Of sweetly varied melodies ;  
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done ;  
Thy feet upon mine errands run—  
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well.  
Faithful and true ! farewell, farewell.

—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed  
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,  
Where I no more thy sleep may break  
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake  
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,  
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,  
And long thy gasp and groan of pain  
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,

Though angels urge me hence to soar,  
Where I shall share thine ills no more.  
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain,  
Remember, we shall meet again.  
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,  
And keep it as a signet-ring.  
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,  
And nought but ashes mark thy rest;  
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,  
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,  
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,  
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.  
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,  
Nor spot nor stain nor wrinkle bear;  
And I, with hovering wing elate,  
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,  
And breathe the welcome of the sky—  
“No more to part, no more to die,  
Co-heir of Immortality.”

## WINTER'S FETE.

I WOKE, and every lordling of the grove  
Was clad in diamonds, and the lowliest shrub  
Did wear its crest of brilliants gallantly.  
The swelling hillocks, with their woven vines,  
The far-seen forests and the broken hedge,  
Yea, every thicket gleam'd in bright array,  
As for some gorgeous fete of fairy-land.

Ho! jewel-keeper of the hoary North,  
Whence hast thou all these treasures? Why, the mines  
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,  
Would fail to furnish such a glorious show.  
The queen, who to her coronation comes  
With half a realm's exchequer on her head,  
Dazzleth the shouting crowd. But all the queens  
Who since old Egypt's buried dynasty  
Have here and there, amid the mists of time,  
Lifted their tiny sceptres—all the throng

Of peeresses, who at some birth-night flaunt,  
Might boast no moiety of the gems thy hand  
So lavishly hath strewn o'er this old tree,  
Fast by my window.

Every noteless thorn,  
E'en the coarse sumach and the bramble-bush,  
Do sport their diadems, as if, forsooth,  
Our plain republic in a single night  
Put forth such growth of aristocracy  
That no plebeian in the land was left  
Uncoroneted. Broider'd frost-work wraps  
Yon stunted pear-tree, whose ne'er ripen'd fruit,  
Acid and bitter, every truant boy  
Blamed with set teeth. Lo! while I speak, its crown  
Kindleth in bossy crimson, and a stream  
Of Tyrian purple, blent with emerald spark,  
Floats round its rugged arms; while here and there  
Gleams out a living sapphire, mid a knot  
Of trembling rubies, whose exquisite ray  
O'erpowers the astonish'd sight.

One arctic queen,  
For one ice-palace, rear'd with fearful toil,  
And soon dissolving, scrupled not to pay  
Her vassal's life; and emperors of old  
Have drain'd their coffers for the people's gaze,  
Though but a single amphitheatre

Compress'd the crowd. But thou, whose potent wand  
Call'd forth such grand enchantment, swift as thought,  
And silent as a vision, and canst spread  
Its wondrous beauty to each gazing eye,  
Nor be the poorer, thou art scorn'd and bann'd  
Mid all thy beauty. Summer scanty sheds  
A few brief dew-drops for the sun to dry,  
And wins loud praise from every piping swain  
For the proud feat.

Yet, certes, in these days,  
When wealth is so esteem'd that he who boasts  
The longest purse is sure the wisest man,  
Winter, who thus affords to sprinkle gems,  
Mile after mile, on all the landscape round,  
And decks his new-made peers in richer robes  
Than monarch ever gave, deserves more thanks  
Than to be call'd rude churl, and miser old.  
—I tell thee he's a friend; and Love, who sits  
So quiet in the corner, whispering long  
In Beauty's ear, by the bright evening fire,  
Shall join my verdict. Yes, the King of storms,  
So long decried, hath revenue more rich  
Than sparkling diamonds.

Look within thy heart,  
When the poor shiver in their snow-wreath'd cell,  
Or the sad orphan mourns, and if thou find

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An answering pity, and a fervent deed  
Done in Christ's name, doubt not to be an heir  
Of that true wealth, which Winter hoardeth up  
To buy the soul a mansion with the blest.

## ANNA BOLEYN.

On seeing the axe with which Anna Boleyn was beheaded, still preserved in the Tower of London.

STERN minister of fate severe,  
Who, drunk with beauty's blood,  
Defying time, dost linger here,  
And frown with ruffian visage drear,  
Like beacon on destruction's flood,—  
Say! when ambition's gorgeous dream  
First lured thy victim's heart aside,  
Why, like a serpent, didst thou hide,  
Mid clustering flowers and robes of pride.  
Thy warning gleam?  
Hadst thou but once arisen in vision dread,  
From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd, when St. Edward's crown  
So heavily press'd her tresses fair,  
That, with sleepless wrath, its thorns of care  
Would rankle within her couch of down!



To the tyrant's bower,  
In her beauty's power,  
She came as a lamb to the lion's lair,  
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,  
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves its snare.

Think! what were her pangs as she traced her fate  
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?  
What were the thoughts which, at midnight hour,  
Throng'd o'er her soul, in yon dungeon tower?  
Regret, with pencil keen,  
Retouch'd the deepening scene:  
Gay France, which bade with sunny skies  
Her careless childhood's pleasures rise;  
Earl Percy's love, his youthful grace;  
Her gallant brother's fond embrace;  
Her stately father's feudal halls,  
Where proud heraldic annals deck'd the ancient walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's gloom,  
Brief tenant of that living tomb  
She stands!—the life-blood chills her heart,  
And her tender glance from earth does part;  
But her infant daughter's image fair  
In the smile of innocence is there,  
It clings to her soul mid its last despair;

And the desolate queen is doom'd to know  
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's wo.

Say! did prophetic light  
    Illume her darkening sight,  
Painting the future island-queen,  
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,  
Bright from blood-stain'd ashes rising,  
Wise, energetic, bold, serene?  
    Ah no! the scroll of time  
    Is seal'd; and hope sublime  
Rests but on those far heights which mortals may not climb.

The dying prayer, with trembling fervour, speeds  
For that false monarch by whose will she bleeds;  
For him, who, listening on that fatal morn,  
Hears her death-signal o'er the distant lawn  
    From the deep cannon speaking,  
Then springs to mirth, and winds his bugle-horn,  
    And riots while her blood is reeking:—  
For him she prays, in seraph tone,  
    “Oh! be his sins forgiven!  
Who raised me to an earthly throne,  
And sends me now, from prison lone,  
    To be a saint in heaven.”





Often have we heard  
The child's tale of our holiday,  
Among our mirth to reverence as he passed,  
And ever to record one favoring smile  
"Word paternal"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED PASTOR.

I do remember him. His saintly voice,  
So duly lifted in the house of God,  
Comes, with the far-off wing of infant years,  
Like solemn music. Often have we hush'd  
The shrillest echo of our holiday,  
Turning our mirth to reverence as he pass'd,  
And eager to record one favouring smile,  
Or word paternal.

At the bed of death  
I do remember him; when one, who bore  
For me a tender love, did feel that pang  
Which makes the features rigid, and the eye  
Like a fix'd, glassy orb. Her head was white  
With many winters, but her furrow'd brow  
To me was beautiful; for she had cheer'd  
My lonely childhood with a changeless stream  
Of pure benevolence. His earnest tone,  
Girding her from the armory of God  
To foil the terrors of that shadowy vale

Through which she walk'd, doth linger round me still;  
 And by that gush of bitter tears, when first  
 Grief came into my bosom—by that thrill  
 Of agony, which from the open grave  
 Rose wildly forth—I do remember him,  
 The comforter and friend.

When Fancy's smile,  
 Gilding youth's scenes, and promising to bring  
 The curtain'd morrow fairer than to-day,  
 Enkindled wilder gayety than fits  
 Beings so frail, how oft his funeral prayer  
 Over some shrouded sleeper made a pause  
 In folly's song, or warn'd her roving eye  
 That all man's glory was the flower of grass  
 Beneath the mower's scythe.

His fourscore years  
 Sat lightly on him; for his heart was glad,  
 E'en to its latest pulse, with that fond love,  
 Home-nurtured and reciprocal, which girds  
 And garners up, in sorrow and in joy.  
 —I was not with the weepers when the hearse  
 Stood all expectant at his pleasant door,  
 And other voices from his pulpit said  
 That he was not: but yet the echo'd dirge  
 Of that sad organ, in its sable robe,  
 Made melancholy music in my dreams.

—And so, farewell, thou who didst shed the dew  
Baptismal on mine infant head, and lead  
To the Redeemer's sacred board a guest  
Timid and unassured, yet gathering strength  
From the blest promise of Jehovah's aid  
Unto the early seeker. When again  
My native spot unfolds that pictured chart  
Unto mine eye, which in my heart I hold,  
Rocks, woods, and waters exquisitely blent,  
Thy cordial welcome I no more shall hear,  
Father and guide; nor can I hope to win  
Thy glance from glory's mansion, while I strew  
This wild-flower garland on thine honour'd tomb.

## FALLS OF THE YANTIC.

HILLS, rocks, and waters! here ye lie,  
And o'er ye spreads the same blue sky,  
    As when, in early days,  
My childish foot your cliffs essay'd,  
My wondering eye your depth survey'd,  
    Where the vex'd torrent stays.

O'er bolder scenes mine age hath stray'd  
By floods that make your light cascade  
    Seem as an infant's play;  
Yet dearer is it still to me,  
Than all their boasted pageantry  
    That charms the traveller's way.

For here, enchanted, side by side,  
With me would many a playmate glide  
    When school-day's task was o'er,  
Who deem'd this world, from zone to zone,  
Had nought of power or wonder known  
    Like thy resounding shore.



Light-hearted group! I see ye still,  
For Memory's pencil, at her will,  
    Doth tint ye bright and rare;  
Red lips, from whence glad laughter rang,  
Elastic limbs that tireless sprang,  
    And curls of sunny hair.

I will not ask if change or care  
Have coldly marr'd those features fair;  
    For, by myself, I know  
We cannot till life's evening keep  
The flowers that on its dewy steep  
    At earliest dawn did blow.

Yet, lingering round this hallow'd spot,  
I call them, though they answer not,  
    For some have gone their way,  
To sleep that sleep which none may break,  
Until the resurrection wake  
    The prisoners from their clay.

But thou, most fair and fitful stream,  
First prompter of my musing dream,  
    Still lovingly dost smile,  
And, heedless of the conflict hoarse  
With the rude rocks that bar thy course,  
    My lonely walk beguile.

Still thou art changed, my favourite scene!  
For man hath stolen thy cliffs between,  
    And torn thy grassy sod;  
And bade the intrusive mill-wheel dash,  
And many a ponderous engine crash,  
    Where Nature dream'd of God.

Yet to the spot where first we drew  
Our breath, we turn unchanged and true,  
    As to a nurse's breast;  
And count it, e'en till hoary age,  
The Mecca of our pilgrimage,  
    Of all the earth most blest.

And so, thou cataract, strangely wild,  
My own loved Yantic's wayward child,  
    That still dost foam and start;  
Though slight thou art, I love thee well,  
And, pleased, the lay thy praise doth tell,  
    Which gushes from the heart.

## WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently thou, whose hand hath won  
The young bird from its nest away,  
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,  
She sweetly carol'd day by day.  
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,  
From whence her timid wing doth soar;  
They pensive list at hush of eve,  
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear,  
Beyond what vestal lips have told,  
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,  
She turns confiding to thy fold;  
She, round thy sweet domestic bower,  
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,  
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,  
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,  
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove.  
Nor let thy tender care decay—  
The soul of woman lives in love.  
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear,  
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,  
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear  
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,  
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;  
She places 'neath thy household tree  
The idol of her fondest care;  
And by thy trust to be forgiven,  
When judgment wakes in terror wild,  
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,  
Deal gently with the widow's child.

## MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word! no sound! But yet a solemn rite  
Is consummated in yon festive hall.  
Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take  
That oath, which, unabsolved, must stand till death,  
With icy seal, doth stamp the scroll of life.  
No word! no sound! But still a holy man  
With strong and graceful gesture doth impose  
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer  
Present it to be registered in heaven.

Methinks this silence heavily doth brood  
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crown'd bride,  
What means the sigh which from that ruby lip  
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element  
Which angels breathe?

Mute! mute! 'tis passing strange!  
Like necromancy all. And yet, 'tis well;  
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts  
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,

Into a mortal's hand,—the confidence  
With which she turns in every thought to him,  
Her more than brother, and her next to God,—  
Hath never yet been shadow'd forth in sound,  
Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,  
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm  
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,  
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time  
As cheerily, as though the pomp of speech  
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell  
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured link  
Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn  
The ear sequestrate, and the tuneless tongue;  
For there the eternal dialect of love  
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

## THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

THE young babe sat on its mother's knee,  
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,  
When Hope drew near, with a seraph smile,  
To press the lips that had breathed no guile,  
Nor spoke the words of sorrow ;  
Its little sister brought a flower,  
And Hope, still lingering nigh  
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,  
Whisper'd of one in a brighter bower  
It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,  
And mused by the parlour-fire ;  
But ere the evening lamps did glow,  
A stranger came, and, bending low,  
Closely scann'd his ruddy brow.  
"What is that in your hand?" she said ;  
"My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red."

“Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,  
The magic spell of Memory.  
That page hath gold, and a way I’ll find  
To lock it safe in your docile mind;  
For books have honey, the sages say,  
That is sweet to the taste when the hair is gray.”

The youth at midnight sought his bed,  
But, ere he closed his eyes, .  
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,  
In meek and saintly guise.  
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,  
With thrilling music fraught,  
That chain’d the flying summer hour,  
And charm’d the listener’s thought;  
For still would its tender cadence be,  
“Follow me! follow me!  
And every morn a smile shall bring,  
As sweet as the merry lay I sing.”—  
She ceased, and with a serious air  
The other made reply,  
“Shall he not also be my care?  
May not I his journey share?  
Sister! sister! tell me why?  
Need Memory e’er with Hope contend?  
Doth not the virtuous soul still find in both a friend?”



The youth beheld the strife,  
And eagerly replied,  
“Come, both, and be my guide,  
And gild the path of life;”  
So he gave to each a brother’s kiss,  
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,  
And ever when the morning light  
Roused him from the trance of night,  
When, singing from her nest,  
The lark went up with dewy breast,  
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace;  
And, as a mother cheers her son,  
She girded his daily harness on.  
But when the star of eve, from weary care,  
Bade him to his home repair,  
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born  
The cricket wound its tiny horn,  
Sober Memory spread her board  
With knowledge richly stored,  
And supp’d with him, and like a guardian bless’d  
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,  
His locks were thin and gray,

Memory, that faithful friend, was there,  
And he in querulous tone did say,  
“Hast thou not lost, with careless key,  
Something that I have intrusted to thee?”

Her pausing answer was sad and low,  
“It may be so! It may be so!  
The lock of my casket is worn and weak,  
And Time with a plunderer’s eye doth seek;  
Something I miss, but I cannot say  
What it is he hath stolen away,  
For only tinsel and trifles spread  
Over the alter’d path we tread;  
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,  
Here they are, all told and true,  
Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue.”

But while in grave debate,  
Mournful, and ill at ease, they sate,  
Finding treasures disarranged,  
Blaming the fickle world, though they themselves were  
changed,  
Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,  
Which folded underneath her robe she wore,  
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,  
And jeopardd its strength, in a bold, heavenward flight.

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The dying lay on his couch of pain,  
And his soul went forth to the angel-train;  
Yet when Heaven's gate its golden bars undrew  
    Memory walk'd that portal through,  
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,  
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky.

But Hope that glorious door  
Pass'd not: it was not hers to dwell  
Where pure desires to full fruition swell.  
Her ministry was o'er:  
To cheer earth's pilgrim toward the sky,  
To cleanse the tear-drop from his eye,  
Was hers,—then to immortal Joy  
    Resign her brief employ,  
Break her sweet harp, and die.

## TO A GOOSE.

I CANNOT bear to hear thee slander'd, Goose!  
It irketh me to see the truant boys  
Pause in their play, and cast a stone at thee,  
And call thee foolish.

Do those worthies know  
That when old Rome had let the ruffian Gauls  
Tread on her threshold of vitality,  
And all her sentinels were comatose,  
Thy clarion-call did save her? Mighty strange  
To call *thee* fool!

I think thou'rt dignified  
And portly in thy bearing, and in all  
The duties and proprieties of life  
Art quite a pattern. Yet the duck may quack,  
The turkey gabble, and the guinea-hen  
Keep up a piercing and perpetual scream,  
And all is well; but if thou ope thy beak,  
“*Fie, silly creature!*”

Yet I'm sure thou'st done

Many a clever and obliging deed;  
And more than this, thou from thy wing dost spare  
An outcast feather, which hath woke the world,  
And made it wiser. Yea, the modest quill  
Doth take its quiet stand behind the press,  
And, like a prompter, tell it what to say.  
But still we never praise the goose, who gave  
This precious gift. Yet what can fill its place?  
Think of the clumsy stylus, how absurd!  
I know, indeed, that smart metallic pens  
Have undertaken to speculate at large;  
But I eschew them all, and prophesy  
Goose-quills will be immortal as the art  
To which they minister. 'Twere meet for me,  
Though all besides were dumb, to fondly laud  
The instrument that from my childhood up  
Hath been my solace and my chosen friend  
In hours of loneliness.

I'd fain propose  
That, mid the poultry in the farmer's yard,  
The goose should wear a ducal coronet,  
If our republic would but authorize  
Aught like an order of nobility.  
Yet, sure, I'll institute a simple claim  
For justice long withheld. I ask my peers,  
The erudite and learned in the law,

Why the recusant owl is singled out  
As Wisdom's bird? If blind Mythology,  
Who on her fingers scarcely knew to count  
Her thirty thousand gods, should groping make  
Such error, 'tis not strange. But we, who skill  
To ride the steam, and have a goodly hope  
To ride the lightning too, need we be ruled  
By vacillating Delphos? or enticed  
To sanction her mistakes?

The aforesaid owl,  
With his dull, staring eyes, what hath he done  
To benefit mankind? Moping all day  
Amid some dodder'd oak, and then at night,  
With hideous hooting and wild flapping wings,  
Scaring the innocent child. What hath he done  
To earn a penny, or to make the world  
Richer in any way? I doubt if he  
E'en gets an honest living. Who can say  
Whether such midnight rambles, none know where,  
Are for his credit? Yet the priceless crown  
Of wisdom he, in symbol and in song,  
Unrighteously hath worn.

But times have changed,  
Most reverend owl! Utility bears rule,  
And the shrewd spirit of a busy age  
Dotes not on things antique, nor pays respect

To hoary hairs, but counts it loss of time  
 To honour whatsoever fails to yield  
 A fat per centage. Yet thou'rt not ashamed  
 To live a gentleman, nor bronze thy claw  
 With manual labour, stupidly content  
 To be a burden on community.

—Meantime, the worthy and hard-working goose  
 Hath rear'd up goslings, fed us with her flesh,  
 Lull'd us to sleep upon her softest down,  
 And with her quills maintain'd the lover's lore,  
 And saved the tinsel of the poet's brain.  
 —Dear goose, thou'rt greatly wrong'd.

I move the owl

Be straightway swept from the usurper's seat,  
 And thou forthwith be voted for, to fill  
 Minerva's arms.

The flourish of a pen  
 Hath saved or lost a realm; hath signed the bond  
 That made the poor man rich; reft from the prince  
 His confiscated wealth, and sent him forth  
 A powerless exile; for the prisoner bade  
 The sunbeam tremble through his iron bars  
 The last, last time; or changed the cry of war  
 To blessed peace. How base, to scorn the bird  
 Whose cast-off feather hath done this, and more.

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ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO  
THE UNION.

COME in, little sister, so healthful and fair,  
Come take in our father's best parlour a share ;  
You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,  
Where the angry lakes roar and the northern winds blow ;  
Come in, we've a pretty large household, 'tis true,  
But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,  
His dessert to embellish ; how kind was the thought !  
A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,  
And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too,  
The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree ;  
What a good little sister ! come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides very cunningly stored,  
To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board,—  
Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbour, and more ;  
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store ;



You're a prog, I perceive—it is true to the letter,  
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians—so feeble and few?  
So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew!  
From the forests they fade; o'er the waters that bore  
The names of their baptism, they venture no more;  
O soothe their sad hearts ere they vanish afar,  
Nor quench the faint beams of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,  
Are the stateliest dames of our family,  
Your thirteen old sisters,—don't treat them with scorn,  
They were notable spinsters before you were born;  
Many stories they know, most instructive to hear,—  
Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to spell,  
Who stood at the helm when the war-tempest fell;  
They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky  
In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July,  
When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,  
And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,  
And say they usurp what they cannot hold;

Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray,  
But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray,  
For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,  
Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,  
But you've as good right to your penny as they;  
Though the price of our freedom they better have known,  
Since they paid for it out of their purses alone;  
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,  
So, hold up your head with the "Old Thirteen."

## STRATFORD UPON AVON.

WHAT nurtured Shakspeare mid these village-shades,  
Making a poor deer-stalking lad a king  
In the broad realm of mind?

I question'd much  
Whatever met my view,—the holly-hedge,  
The cottage-rose, the roof where he was born,  
And the pleach'd avenue of limes that led  
To the old church. And, pausing there, I mark'd  
The mossy efflorescence on the stones,  
Which, kindling in the sunbeam, taught me how  
Its little seeds were fed by mouldering life,  
And how another race of tiny roots,  
The fathers of the future, should compel  
From hardest-hearted rocks a nutriment,  
Until the fern-plant and the ivy sere  
Made ancient buttress and grim battlement  
Their nursing-mothers.

But again I ask'd,  
“What nurtured Shakspeare?” The rejoicing birds

Wove a wild song, whose burden seem'd to be,  
He was their pupil when he chose, and knew  
Their secret maze of melody to wind,  
Snatching its sweetness for his winged strain  
With careless hand.

The timid flowerets said,  
"He came among us like a sleepless bee,  
And all those pure and rarest essences,  
Concocted by our union with the skies,  
Which in our cups or zones we fain would hide,  
He rifled for himself and bore away."

—The winds careering in their might replied,  
"Upon our wings he rode, and visited  
The utmost stars. We could not shake him off.  
E'en on the fleecy clouds he laid his hand,  
As on a courser's mane, and made them work  
With all their countless hues his wondrous will."

And then meek Avon raised a murmuring voice,  
What time the Sabbath chimes came pealing sweet  
Through the umbrageous trees, and told how oft  
Along those banks he wander'd, pacing slow,  
As if to read the depths.

Ere I had closed  
My questioning, the ready rain came down,

And every pearl-drop as it kiss'd the turf  
Said, "We have been his teachers. When we fell  
Pattering among the vine leaves, he would list  
Our lessons as a student, nor despise  
Our simplest lore."

And then the bow burst forth,  
That strong love-token of the Deity  
Unto a drowning world. Each prised ray  
Had held bright dalliance with the bard, and help'd  
To tint the robe in which his thought was wrapp'd  
For its first cradle-sleep.

Then twilight came  
In her gray robe, and told a tender tale  
Of his low musings, while she noiseless drew  
Her quiet curtain. And the queenly moon,  
Riding in state upon her silver car,  
Confess'd she saw him oft, through checkering shades,  
Hour after hour, with Fancy by his side,  
Linking their young imaginings, like chains  
Of pearl and diamond.

Last, the lowly grave—  
Shakspeare's own grave—sent forth a hollow tone,  
"The heart within my casket *read itself*,  
And from that inward wisdom learn'd to scan  
The hearts of other men. It ponder'd long  
Amid those hermit cells where thought is born,

Explored the roots of passion, and the founts  
Of sympathy, and at each seal'd recess  
Knock'd, until mystery fled. Hence her loved bard  
Nature doth crown with flowers of every hue  
And every season; and the human soul,  
Owing his power, shall at his magic touch  
Shudder, or thrill, while age on age expires."

## MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,  
Far from native land and home,  
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,  
Brooding o'er our venturous path,  
While the mountain wave is rolling,  
And the ship's bell faintly tolling:  
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,  
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting noarse,  
Sweep us on with headlong force;  
And the bark, which tempests urge,  
Moans and trembles at their scourge:  
Yet, should wildest tempests swell,  
Be thou near, and all is well.  
Saviour! on the stormy sea,  
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn  
When to us afar they turn ;  
Eyes that show the rushing tear  
If our utter'd names they hear :  
Saviour ! o'er the faithless main,  
Bring us to those homes again,  
As the trembler, touch'd by Thee,  
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,  
Where with lonely keel we go ;  
Gentle brows and bosoms brave  
Those abysses richly pave :  
If beneath the briny deep  
We, with them, should coldly sleep,  
Saviour ! o'er the whelming sea,  
Take our ransom'd souls to Thee.



## THE TOMB.

“So parted they; the angel up to Heaven,  
And Adam to his bower.”

MILTON.

THIS is the parting place; yon turf-bound roof,  
And marble door, where tenants may not hope  
To enter and return. If earth's poor gold  
E'er clave unto thee, here unlade thyself;  
For thou didst bring none with thee to this world,  
Nor mayst thou bear it hence. Honours hast thou,  
Ambition's shadowy gatherings? Shred them loose  
To the four winds, their natural element.  
Yea, more, thou must unclasp the living ties  
Of strong affection. Hast thou nurtured babes?  
And was each wailing from their feeble lip  
A thorn to pierce thee? every infant smile  
And budding hope, full springs of ecstasy?  
Turn, turn away, for thou henceforth to them  
A parent art no more. Wert thou a wife?  
And was the arm on which thy spirit lean'd

Faithful in all thy need? Yet must thou leave  
This fond protection, and pursue alone  
Thy shuddering pathway down the vale of death.  
Friendship's free intercourse,—the promised joys  
Of soul-implanted, soul-confiding love,—  
The cherish'd sympathies which every year  
Struck some new root within thy yielding breast,  
Stand loose from all, thou lonely voyager  
Unto the land of spirits.

Yea, even more!

Lay down the body! Hast thou worshipp'd it  
With vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste  
Of precious time? Did beauty bring it gifts,  
The lily brow, the full resplendent eye,  
The tress, the bloom, the grace, whose magic power  
Woke man's idolatry? The loan is o'er,  
Dust turns to dust.

Yet the lone soul retains  
One blessed trophy; if its span below  
Secured the palm of Christ's atoning love:  
For that shall win an entrance when it stands  
A pilgrim at Heaven's gate.

## "SHOW US THE FATHER."

JOHN iv. 8.

HAVE ye not *seen* Him, when through parted snows  
Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green?  
When 'neath its modest veil the arbutus blows,  
And the pure snow-drop bursts its folded screen?  
When the wild rose, that asks no florist's care,  
Unfoldeth its rich leaves, have ye not seen him there?

Have ye not *seen* Him, when the infant's eye,  
Through its bright sapphire-windows, shows the mind?  
When, in the trembling of the tear or sigh,  
Floats forth that essence, trembling and refined?  
Saw ye not Him, the author of our trust,  
Who breathed the breath of life into a frame of dust?

Have ye not *heard* Him, when the tuneful rill  
Casts off its icy chains and leaps away?  
In thunders echoing loud from hill to hill?  
In song of birds at break of summer's day?

Or in the ocean's everlasting roar,  
Battling the old gray rocks that sternly guard his shore?

Amid the stillness of the Sabbath morn,  
When vexing cares in tranquil slumber rest,  
When in the heart the holy thought is born,  
And Heaven's high impulse warms the waiting breast,  
Have ye not *felt* Him, while your kindling prayer  
Swell'd out in tones of praise, announcing God was there?

*Show us the Father!* If ye fail to trace  
His chariot where the stars majestic roll,  
His pencil mid earth's loveliness and grace,  
His presence in the Sabbath of the soul,  
How can you see Him till the day of dread,  
When to assembled worlds the book of doom is read?

NAPOLEON AT HELENA.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre,  
*characterless, uninscribed.*"

*And who shall write thine epitaph, thou man*  
Of mystery and might?

Shall orphan hands  
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?  
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear  
Channel it slowly mid the rugged rock,  
As the keen torture of the water-drop  
Doth wear the sentenced brain?

Shall countless ghosts  
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame,  
With shadowy finger, trace thine effigy,  
Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,  
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer  
Given at the cannon's mouth?

Thou who didst sit  
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,  
And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,

As chirp the weak-voiced nations of the grass,  
Say, art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,  
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner  
Descries mid ocean's foam? Thou who didst hew  
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,  
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown  
Of the throned Alps,—why dost thou sleep, unmark'd  
E'en by such slight memento as the hind  
Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone?

Bid the throng

Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,  
Breathing thy thunders on the battle-field,  
Return and deck thy monument. Those forms,  
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter strew'd,  
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,  
Heed not the clarion-call. Yet, should they rise,  
As in the vision that the prophet saw,  
Each dry bone to its fellow, or in heaps  
Should pile their pillar'd dust, might not the stars  
Deem that again the puny pride of man  
Did build its Babel-stairs, creeping, by stealth,  
To dwell with them? But here, unwept, thou art,  
Like some dead lion in his thicket-lair,  
With neither living man, nor spectre lone,  
To trace thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes

That served as playthings in thy desperate game  
Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd  
To pay thy reckoning, till gaunt Famine fed  
Upon their vitals. France! who gave so free  
Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw  
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,  
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.  
Thou, too, whose pride adorn'd dead Cæsar's tomb,  
And pour'd high requiem o'er the tyrant train  
Who ruled thee to thy cost, lend us thine arts  
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence  
To grace his obsequies at whose dark frown  
Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list  
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat  
'Neath Agag's table, add the name of Rome.  
Turn, Austria! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,  
And on his monument to whom thou gav'st  
In anger battle, and in craft a bride,  
Grave Austerlitz, and fiercely turn away.  
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,  
Like the rein'd war-horse at the trumpet-blast,  
And take her witness to that fame which soars  
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt  
Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades  
Of letter'd ease, O Germany! come forth

With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,  
 Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints  
 Of deeper character than bold romance  
 Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,  
 Or history trusted to her sibyl leaves.  
 Hail, lotus-crown'd ! in thy green childhood fed  
 By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh and the shepherd kings,  
 Hast thou no trait of him who drench'd thy sands  
 At Jaffa and Aboukir ? when the flight  
 Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong  
 To the accusing Spirit ?

Glorious isle !

Whose thrice-enwreathed chain, Promethean like,  
 Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask  
 Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.  
 Ho ! fur-clad Russia ! with thy spear of frost,  
 Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,  
 Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,  
 And give the last line of our epitaph.

But there was silence. Not a sceptred hand  
 Received the challenge.

From the misty deep  
 Rise, island-spirits ! like those sisters three,  
 Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life,  
 Rise on your coral pedestals, and write



That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.  
Come, for ye lull'd him in your matron arms,  
And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,  
And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb;  
Come, twine some bud of household tenderness,  
Some tender leaflet, nursed with nature's tears,  
Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd  
His cradle at Ajaccio, turn'd away;  
And tiny Elba in the Tuscan wave  
Plunged her slight annal with the haste of fear;  
And lone St. Helena, heart-sick, and gray  
'Neath rude Atlantic's scourging, bade the moon,  
With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze  
To an unhonour'd tomb.

Then Earth arose,  
That blind old empress, on her crumbling throne,  
And, to the echo'd question—“*Who shall write  
Napoleon's epitaph?*”—as one who broods  
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd—“*None.*”

## COLUMBIA'S SHIPS.

THE ships from young Columbia's shore,  
As fleet they are, and free,  
As those from haughtier realms that boast  
Dominion o'er the sea.  
As gallantly their banners float,  
As keen their lightnings fly,  
And braver hearts than there are found  
Beat not beneath the sky.

White as the glancing sea-bird's wing  
Their swelling sails expand,  
Beside the bright Egean isles,  
Or green Formosa's strand,  
Or where the sparse Norwegian pine  
A sudden summer shares,  
Or Terra del Fuego's torch  
Amid the tempest glares.

Unmoved their trackless course they hold  
    Though vengeful Boreas roars,  
And make their port on stranger-coasts  
    Or undiscover'd shores.  
Rude people of a foreign speech  
    Have learn'd their cheering cry,  
"Land ho!—Aloft!"—and "Bear-a-hand!"  
    With the ready tar's reply.

From zone to zone—from pole to pole,  
    Where'er in swift career  
The venturous keel a path explores,  
    Our Yankee sailors steer.  
The white bear, on his field of ice,  
    Hath seen their signals toss'd;  
And the great whale, old Ocean's king,  
    Doth know them to his cost.

The spices from the Indian isles,  
    The plant of China's care,  
The cane's sweet blood from tropic climes  
    Their merchant-vessels bear.  
Wherever Commerce points his wand,  
    They mount the crested waves,  
And link together every sea  
    The rolling globe that laves.

Still nearest to the Antarctic gate  
Our daring seamen press,  
Where storm-wrapp'd Nature thought to dwell  
In hermit loneliness ;  
“Whose masts are those, so white with frost,  
Where fearful icebergs shine?”  
My country from her watch-tower look'd,  
And answer'd—“They are mine!”

Columbia's ships! With dauntless prow  
The tossing deep they tread ;  
The pirates of the Libyan sands  
Have felt their prowess dread :  
And the British lion's lordly mane  
Their victor might confess'd,  
For well their nation's faith and pride  
They guard on Ocean's breast.

When strong Oppression fiercely frowns,  
Her eagle rears his crest,  
And means no bird of air shall pluck  
His pinions or his breast ;  
And brighter on the threatening cloud  
Gleam out her stars of gold.  
Huzza! for young Columbia's ships,  
And for her seamen bold.

## ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,  
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,  
Whence are ye ?

Did some white-wing'd messenger,  
On mercy's mission, trust your timid germ  
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,  
And, breathing on the callous icicles,  
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye ?

Tree nor shrub  
Dare the drear atmosphere; no polar-pine  
Uplifts a veteran front; yet there ye stand,  
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,  
And looking up with steadfast eye to Him,  
Who bids ye bloom unblanch'd amid the realm  
Of desolation.

Man who, panting, toils  
O'er slippery steeps, or treads the dizzy verge  
Of yawning gulfs, from whence the headlong plunge  
Is to eternity,—looks shuddering up

And marks ye in your placid loveliness,  
Fearless yet frail; and, clasping his chill hands,  
Blesses your pencil'd beauty. Mid the pomp  
Of mountain-summits rushing toward the sky,  
And chaining the wrapt soul in breathless awe,  
He bows to bind ye, drooping, to his breast,  
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,  
And freer dreams of heaven.

## THE TRIAL OF THE DEAD.

The solemn mockery of the trial of the dead, which was first permitted in Scotland about the fourteenth century, was exhibited in the case of George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, in the year 1664. After this judicial process, the body was removed from Holyrood, and interred at Elgin Cathedral, the burial-place of his family.

THE spears at Corrichie were bright,  
Where, with a stern command,  
The Earl of Huntley ranged his host  
Upon their native strand.

From many a Highland strath and glen  
They at his summons came,  
A stalwart band of fearless men,  
Who counted war a game.

Then, from Edina's royal court  
Fierce Murray northward sped,  
And rush'd his envied foe to meet  
In battle sharp and dread.

They met, they closed, they struggled sore,  
Like waves when tempests blow,  
The slogan-music high in air,  
The sound of groans below.

They broke, they wheel'd, they charged again,  
Till on the ensanguined ground  
The noble Gordon lifeless lay,  
Transpierced with many a wound.

Long from her tower his Lady look'd :  
"I see a dusky cloud,  
And there, behold! comes floating high  
Earl Huntley's banner proud."

Then, deep she sigh'd, for rising mist  
Involved her aching sight ;  
'Twas but an autumn-bough that mock'd  
Her chieftain's pennon bright.

His mother by the ingle sate,  
Her head upon her knee,  
And murmur'd low in hollow tone,  
"He'll ne'er come back to thee."



---

“Hist, Lady, mother! hear I not  
Steed-tramp and pibroch-roar?  
As when the victor-surf doth tread  
Upon a rocky shore?”

Not toward the loop-hole raised her head  
That woman wise and hoar,  
But whisper'd in her troubled soul,  
“Thy Lord returns no more!”

“A funeral march is in my ear,  
A scatter'd host I see,”  
And, straining wild, her sunken eye  
Gazed out on vacancy.

Back to their homes, the Gordon clan  
Stole with despairing tread,  
While to the vaults of Holyrood  
Was borne their chieftain dead.

Exulting foemen bore him there,  
While lawless vassals jeer'd,  
Nor spared to mock the haughty brow  
Whose living frown they fear'd.

No earth upon his corse they strew'd,  
At no rich shrine inurn'd,  
But heavenward, as the warrior fell,  
His noble forehead turn'd.

Months fled ; and while, from castled height  
To cot in lowly dell,  
O'er Corrichie's disastrous day  
The tears of Scotland fell,

Behold, a high and solemn court  
With feudal pomp was graced,  
And at the bar, in princely robes,  
A muffled chieftain placed.

No glance his veiled face might scan,  
Though throngs beside him prest ;  
The Gordon plume his brow adorn'd,  
Its tartan wrapp'd his breast.

“ Lord George of Gordon, Huntley's earl !  
High-treason taints thy name ;  
For God, and for thy country's cause,  
Defend thine ancient fame ;

---

“Make oath upon thine honour’s seal,  
Heaven’s truth unblenching tell!”  
No lip he moved, no hand he raised,  
And dire that silence fell.

No word he spake, though thrice adjured;  
Then came the sentence drear:  
“Foul traitor to thy queen and realm,  
Our laws denounce thee here.”

They stripp’d him of his cloak of state,  
They bared his helmed head,  
Though the pale judges inly quaked  
Before the ghastly dead.

Light thing to him, that earthly doom  
Or man’s avenging rod,  
Who, in the land of souls, doth bide  
The audit of his God.

Before his face the crowd drew back,  
As from sepulchral gloom,  
And sternest veterans shrank to breathe  
The vapour of the tomb.

And now, this mockery of the dead  
    With hateful pageant o'er,  
They yield him to his waiting friends  
    Who throng the palace door.

And on their sad procession press'd,  
    Unresting day and night,  
To where mid Elgin's towers they mark  
    The fair cathedral's height.

And there, by kindred tears bedew'd,  
    Beneath its hallow'd shade,  
With midnight torch and chanted dirge,  
    Their fallen chief they laid,

Fast by king Duncan's mouldering dust,  
    Whose locks of silver hue  
Were stain'd, as Avon's swan hath sung,  
    With murder's bloody dew.

So, rest thou here, thou Scottish earl  
    Of ancient fame and power,  
No more a valiant host to guide  
    In battle's stormy hour.

---

Yea, rest thee here, thou Scottish earl,  
Until that day of dread,  
Which to eternity consigns  
The trial of the dead.

## BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS.

A VOICE amid the desert.

Not of him  
Who, in rough garments clad, and locust-fed,  
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claim'd  
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge  
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,  
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.  
Benignant pity moved him as he saw  
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch  
The springs of every nature. The high lore  
Of heaven he humbled to the simplest child,  
And in the guise of parable allured  
The sluggish mind to follow truth, and live.

They whom the thunders of the law had stunn'd  
Woke to the gospel's melody with tears ;  
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe  
High in her arms, that its young eye might greet  
Jesus of Nazareth.

It was so still,  
Though thousands cluster'd there, that not a sound  
Broke the strong spell of eloquence which held  
The wilderness in chains, save now and then,  
As the gale freshen'd, came the murmur'd speech  
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores  
Of the Tiberian sea.

Day wore apace,  
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought  
The unexpected eve. They linger'd still,  
Eyes fix'd, and lips apart; the very breath  
Constrain'd, lest some escaping sigh might break  
The tide of knowledge, sweeping o'er their souls  
Like a strange, raptured dream. They heeded not  
The spent sun closing at the curtain'd west  
His burning journey. What was time to them,  
Who heard, entranced, the eternal Word of Life?

But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came,  
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drain'd  
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt  
Compassion for them. His disciples press,  
Care-stricken, to his side: "Where shall we find  
Bread in this desert?"

Then, with lifted eye,  
He bless'd, and brake the slender store of food,

And fed the famish'd thousands. Wondering awe  
With renovated strength inspired their souls,  
As, gazing on the miracle, they mark'd  
The gather'd fragments of their feast, and heard  
Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man  
Had never utter'd.

Thou, whose pitying heart  
Yearn'd o'er the countless miseries of those  
Whom thou didst die to save, touch thou our souls  
With the same spirit of untiring love.  
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow-man,  
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoin'd,  
Be as a brother in his hour of need.



---

ON TRANSPLANTING A DAISY FROM  
RUNIMEDE.

FROM the green turf of Runimede  
A daisy's root I drew,  
Amid whose moisten'd crown of leaves  
A healthful bud crept through,  
And whisper'd in its infant ear  
That it might cross the sea,  
A cherish'd emigrant, and find  
A western home with me.

Methought it shrank at first, and paled,  
But when, on ocean's tide,  
Strong waves and mighty icebergs frown'd,  
And manly courage died,  
It calmly raised a crested head  
And smiled amid the storm,  
As if old Magna Charta's soul  
Inspired its fragile form.

So, where within my garden plat  
I sow the choicest seed,  
Amid my favorite shrubs I placed  
The plant from Runimede;  
And know not why it may not draw  
Sweet nutriment the same,  
As when within that clime from whence  
Our gallant fathers came.

There's liberty enough for all,  
If they but use it well;  
And Magna Charta's spirit burns  
In e'en the lowliest cell:  
And the simplest daisy may unfold,  
From scorn and danger freed;  
So, make yourself at home, my friend,  
My flower of Runimede.

## THE GIFT OF APOLLO.

A legend of ancient mythology relates, that the inhabitants of Methymnia, on the island of Lesbos, received from Apollo a genius for music and poetry, as a mark of his gratitude for having extended the rites of burial to the severed head of Orpheus.

WHEN Orpheus' limbs, by Thracian madness torn,  
Down the cold Hebrus' sounding floods were borne,  
The blood-stain'd lips in tuneful measures sigh'd,  
And murmur'd music charm'd the listening tide.

Thus roam'd the head, complaining and distress,  
Till Lesbian bands beheld the approaching guest,  
And, with indignant sorrow, shuddering bore  
The mangled victim to their verdant shore.  
With fragrant streams the quivering brows they lave,  
And cleanse the tresses from the briny wave,  
Spread a soft pillow in the earth's green breast,  
And with low dirges lull to dreamless rest.  
Then from the tossing surge his lyre they gain,  
A treasured trophy for Apollo's fane,

Round its fair frame funereal garlands bind,  
And mourn its lord, to silent dust consign'd.

Hark!—while its chords the gales of evening sweep,  
Soft tones awake, and mystic voices weep.  
“Eurydice!” in trembling love they sigh;  
“Eurydice!” the long-drawn aisles reply,  
And through the temple steals, in echoes low,  
The mournful sweetness of remember'd wo.

Methymnia's sons, with new-felt warmth inspired,  
By all Apollo's soul of song were fired,  
Pour'd their rich offerings round his golden shrine,  
Caught the rapt spirit, and the strain divine;  
For he with smiles and priceless gifts repaid  
The men whose pious rites appeased his favourite's shade.

## BENEVOLENCE.

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.—HAGGAI ii. 8.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the mine?  
And whose the silver? Are they not the Lord's?  
And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,  
And the broad earth with all her gushing springs,  
Are they not His who made them?

Ye who hold  
Slight tenantry therein, and call your lands  
By your own names, and lock your gather'd gold  
From him who in his bleeding Saviour's name  
Doth ask a part, whose shall those riches be  
When, like the grass-blade from the autumn-frost,  
You fall away?

Point out to me the forms  
That in your treasure-chambers shall enact  
Glad mastership, and revel where you toil'd  
Sleepless and stern. Strange faces are they all.

---

Oh, man! whose wrinkling labour is for heirs  
Thou knowest not who,—thou in thy mouldering bed,  
Unkenn'd, unchronicled of them, shalt sleep;  
Nor will they thank thee that thou didst bereave  
Thy soul of good for them.

Now, thou mayst give  
The famish'd food, the prisoner liberty,  
Light to the darken'd mind, to the lost soul  
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege  
With solemn gratitude. Speck as thou art  
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult  
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

## BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,  
And, full of wrath and scorn,  
His eye a recreant knight survey'd,  
Sir Bernardine du Born.  
While he that haughty glance return'd,  
Like lion in his lair,  
And loftily his unchanged brow  
Gleam'd through his crisped hair.

“Thou art a traitor to the realm,  
Lord of a lawless band,  
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,  
The troubler of our land;  
Thy castles and thy rebel towers  
Are forfeit to the crown,  
And thou beneath the Norman axe  
Shalt end thy base renown.

“Deign’st thou no word to bar thy doom,  
Thou with strange madness fired?  
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?”  
Plantagenet inquired.  
Sir Bernard turn’d him toward the king;  
He blench’d not in his pride:  
“My reason fail’d, my gracious liege,  
The year Prince Henry died.”

Quick at that name a cloud of wo  
Pass’d o’er the monarch’s brow;  
Touch’d was that thrilling cord of love  
At which the mightiest bow.  
Again swept back the tide of years,  
Again his first-born moved,  
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,  
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherish’d by his side,  
One chosen friend was near,  
To share in boyhood’s ardent sport  
Or youth’s untamed career.  
With him the merry chase he sought  
Beneath the dewy morn,  
With him in knightly tourney rode  
This Bernardine du Born.



---

Then in the mourning father's soul  
Each trace of ire grew dim,  
And what his buried idol loved  
Seem'd cleansed of guilt to him;  
And faintly through his tears he spake,  
"God send his grace to thee,  
And for the dear sake of the dead,  
Go forth, unscathed and free."

## MORN AND EVEN.

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice."—*David*.

THE outgoings of sweet morn ! See the light mist,  
That spreads its white wing to the heavens away ;  
See the fresh blossoms by the blithe bee kiss'd ;  
The hilltop kindling 'neath the king of day ;  
Spire after spire, that drinks the genial ray ;  
The rocks, that in their rifted holds abide,  
And darkly frown, with heads for ever gray ;  
While the clear stream gleams out in trembling pride  
Through its transparent veil, like a fair, timid bride.

Morn to the Earth ! the cup of life she quaffs,  
And countless voices hail the sparkling draught :  
Methinks the lamb beside its mother laughs ;  
Up soars the lark, with song his Maker taught ;  
Sweet lispings murmur's wrap the infant's thought,  
As gladly from the cottage door it creeps ;  
The wild rill glitters through the lonely grot ;  
While the hoarse sea, whose anthem never sleeps,  
Reverberates God's praise through all its sounding deeps.

Morn to the watcher by the sick man's bed !

The slow, slow clock tells out the welcome hour,  
And to the air he springs with buoyant tread ;

The poor caged bird sings sweet in lady's bower ;

The farmer, watchful lest the skies may lower,  
Thrusts his sharp sickle mid the bearded grain ;

While sportive voices, strong in childhood's power,  
With merry music wake the village plain,  
And toil comes forth refresh'd, and age is young again

The outgoings of mild eve ! the folded rose ;

Soft slumber settling on the lily's bell ;

The solemn forest lull'd to deep repose,

While restless winds no more its murmurs swell ;

The stars emerging from their secret cell,

A silent night-watch o'er the world to keep ;

And then the queenly moon, attended well,

Who o'er the mighty arch of heaven doth sweep,  
Speaking of Nature's King in language still and deep

The charms of eve how sweet, he best can say,

Who, sickening at the city's dust and noise,  
And selfish arts that Mammon's votaries sway,

Turns to his home to taste its simple joys ;

There, climbing on his knee, his ruddy boys  
Wake that warm thrill that every care repays ;

And fondly hasting from her baby-toys,  
His prattling daughter seeks a father's gaze,  
And gives that tender smile which o'er his slumber plays.

She, too, who wins her bread by toil severe,  
And from her home at early morn must go  
To earn the bread that dries her children's tear,  
How hails her heart the sun declining low!  
Love nerves the foot that else were sad and slow,  
And when afar her lowly roof she spies,  
Forgot is all her lot of scorn and wo,  
A mother's rapture kindling in her eyes,  
While to her wearied arms the eager nursling flies.

And see, from labour loosed, the drooping team,  
Unharness'd, hasting to their fragrant food;  
While, fearful of the hawk's marauding scream,  
The broad-wing'd mother folds her helpless brood;  
In the cool chambers of the teeming flood  
The scaly monsters check their boisterous play;  
And, closely curtain'd mid the quiet wood,  
The slumbering minstrels hush their warbling lay,  
While man's sweet hymn of praise doth close the summer-  
day.

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

FROM my own native clime, I took my way  
Across the foaming deep. My husband slept  
In his new grave, and poverty had stripp'd  
Our lonely cottage. Letters o'er the wave,  
From brother and from sister, bade me come  
To this New World, where there is bread for all.  
So, with my heavy, widow'd heart I went,  
My only babe and I.

Coarse, curious eyes  
Look'd searchingly upon me, as I sat  
In the throng'd steerage, with my sick, sick soul.  
But at each jeering word, I bow'd my head  
Down o'er my helpless child, and was content,  
For he was all my world.

Storms rock'd the bark,  
And haggard fear sprang up, with oaths and cries.  
Yet wondrous courage nerved me. For to die  
With that fair, loving creature in my arms,  
Seem'd more than life without him. If a shade

Of weariness or trouble mark'd my brow,  
He look'd upon me with his father's eyes,  
And I was comforted.

But sickness came,  
Close air, and scanty food. Darkly they press'd  
On feeble infancy, and oft I heard,  
As mournful twilight settled o'er the sea,  
The frequent plunge, and the wild mother's shriek,  
When her lost darling to the depths went down.  
Then came the terror. To my heaving breast  
I closer clasp'd the child, and all my strength  
Went forth in one continued sigh to God.  
Scarcely I slept, lest the dire pestilence  
Should smite him unawares. E'en when he lay  
In peaceful dreams, the smile upon his cheek,  
I trembled, lest the dark-wing'd angel breathed  
Insidious whispers, luring him away.

It came at last. That dreadful sickness came,  
The fever—short and mortal. Midnight's pall  
Spread o'er the waters, when his last faint breath  
Moisten'd my cheek. Deep in my breaking heart  
I shut the mother's cry.

One mighty fear  
Absorb'd me, lest his cherish'd form should feed  
The dire sea-monsters, nor beneath the sods

Of the green, quiet, blessed earth, await  
The resurrection.

So, I shuddering press'd  
The body closer, though its deadly cold  
Froze through my soul.

To those around, I said,  
"Disturb him not—he sleepeth." Then I sang  
And rock'd him tenderly, as though he woke  
In fretfulness, or felt the sting of pain.  
My poor, dead baby! Terrible to me  
Such falsehood seem'd. But yet the appalling dread  
Lest the fierce, scaly monsters of the sea  
Should wind around him with their gorging jaws,  
O'ermaster'd me.

Nights fled, and mornings dawn'd,  
And still my chill arms clasp'd immovably  
The shrivelling form. They told me he was dead,  
And bade me give my beautiful to them,  
For burial in the deep. With outstretch'd hands  
They stood demanding him, until the light  
Fled from my swimming eyes.

But when I woke  
From the long trance, that icy burden lay  
No longer on my bosom. Pitying words  
The captain spake—"Look at yon little boat  
Lash'd to our stern. There, in his coffin, rests

The body of thy son. If in three days  
We reach the land, he shall be buried there  
As thou desirest."

There, from breaking morn,  
My eyes were fix'd; and when the darkness came,  
By the red binnacle's uncertain light  
I watch'd that floating speck amid the waves,  
And pray'd for land.

As thus I kept my watch,  
Like desolate Rizpah, mournful visions came  
Of my forsaken cottage; while the spring  
Of gushing crystal, where 'neath bowering trees  
We drew our water, gurgled in my ear  
To mock me with its memories of joy.  
My throat was dry with anguish, and when voice  
Fail'd me to pray for land, I lifted up  
That silent, naked thought, which finds the Throne  
Sooner than pomp of words.

With fiery face  
And eager foot, the third dread morning rose  
Out of the misty deep, and coldly rang  
The death-knell of my hope.

As o'er the stern  
I gazed with dim eye on the flashing brine,  
Methought its depths were open'd, and I saw  
Creatures most vile, that o'er the bottom crept,



Lizards and slimy serpents, hideous forms  
And shapes, for which man's language hath no name;  
While to the surface rose the monster shark,  
Intent to seize his prey.

Convulsive shrieks,  
Long pent within my bleeding heart, burst forth.  
But from the watcher at the mast there came  
A shout of "*Land!*" and on the horizon's edge  
Gleam'd a faint streak, like the white seraph's wing.  
Oh! blessed land! We near'd it, and my breath  
Was one continued gasp—*Oh! blessed land!*

A boat was launch'd. With flashing oar it reach'd  
A lonely isle. Bent o'er the vessel's side,  
I saw them dig a narrow grave, and lay  
In the cool bosom of the quiet earth  
The little body that was mine no more.  
Nor wept I: for an angel said to me,  
"God's will! God's will! and thy requited prayer  
Remember!"

To my hand a scroll they brought,  
Bearing the name of that deserted strand,  
And record of the day in which they laid  
My treasure there. They might have spared that toil:  
A mother's unforgetful love needs not  
Record or date.

The ship held on her course  
To greener shores. There came an exile's pain,  
Beneath a foreign sky.

Yet 'twere a sin  
To mourn with bitterness the boy whose smile  
Cheers me no more, since the sea had him not,  
Nor the sea-monsters.

Endless praise to Him,  
Who did not scorn the poor, weak woman's sigh  
Of desolate wo.

No monument is thine,  
Oh babe! that 'neath yon sterile sands dost sleep,  
Save the strong sculpture in a mother's heart;  
And by those traces will she know thee well  
When the graves open, and before God's throne  
Both small and great are gather'd.

## HEALING AT SUNSET.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased."

MARK I. 32.

JUDEA'S summer-day went down,  
And lo! from vale and plain,  
Around the heavenly Healer throng'd  
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow, the hectic cheek,  
The cripple bent with care,  
And he whose soul dark demons lash'd  
To foaming rage, were there.

He raised his hand, the lame man leap'd,  
The blind forgot his wo,  
And with a startling rapture gazed  
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose  
The paralytic pale,  
While the loathed leper dared once more  
His fellow-man to hail.

The lunatic's illumined brow,  
    With smiles of love o'erspread,  
Assured the kindred hearts that long  
    Had trembled at his tread.

The mother to her idiot-boy  
    The name of Jesus taught,  
Who thus with sudden touch had fired  
    The chaos of his thought.

Yes, all that sad, imploring train  
    He heal'd ere evening fell,  
And speechless joy was born that night  
    In many a lonely cell.

*Ere evening fell!* Oh ye, who find  
    The chills of age descend,  
And with the lustre of your locks  
    The almond-blossom blend;

Haste, ere the darkening shades of night  
    Have every hope bereaved,  
Nor leave the safety of the soul  
    Unstudied, unachieved.

## DEATH OF AN INFANT.\*

DEATH found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,  
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose  
O'er cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,  
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes  
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence  
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste, he bound  
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids  
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,  
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,  
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set  
The seal of silence.

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\* This little poem has been inserted, by mistake, in one of the American editions of the late Mrs. Hemans. Though this is accounted by the real author as an honor, it is still proper to state, that it was originally composed at Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and comprised in a volume of poems, published in Boston, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq., in 1827. Should other testimony be necessary, it may be mentioned that a letter from Mrs. Hemans, to a friend in this country, pointing out some poems in that volume which pleased her, designated, among others, this "Death of an Infant."

But there beam'd a smile,  
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,  
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal  
The signet-ring of heaven.

## FILIAL PIETY OF DAVID.

ADULLAM'S sheltering cavern bent  
O'er many an exile's head,  
Who from the tyrant sway of Saul  
In discontent had fled ;  
And he, the leader of that band,  
Came forth in sadden'd thought,  
And to a foreign monarch's court  
His suit a suppliant brought :

"Oh, King of Moab!" bowing down  
With trembling lip he said  
Who oft to victory's crimson field  
Had Israel's thousands led,  
"I pray thee, let mine aged sire,  
And she beside whose knee  
My earliest, lisping prayer was learn'd,  
In safety dwell with thee.

“Lest, while the adverse torrent’s force  
With struggling breast I stem,  
My hands grow weak, my spirits faint,  
In anxious care for them;  
For with an outlaw’s ceaseless pain,  
I wander to and fro,  
And wait Jehovah’s righteous will  
More perfectly to know.”

Then forth to Moab’s pitying prince  
His aged sire he led,  
The cavern dampness on the locks  
That silver’d o’er his head;  
And, leaning on his vigorous arm,  
A wrinkled woman came,  
The mother of the many sons  
Who honour’d Jesse’s name.

The youngest and the dearest one  
Now woke her parting tear,  
And sorrow shook his manly breast  
That ne’er had quail’d with fear;  
While, drawing near the monarch’s side,  
In low and earnest tone  
He press’d upon his soften’d heart  
The treasures of his own.



Low kneeling at his parent's side,  
That blessing he besought,  
Which ever in his childish years  
Had calm'd each troubled thought;  
While they with fond and feeble hand  
His clustering curls among,  
Jehovah's majesty and might  
Invoked with faltering tongue.

With tearful thanks to Moab's king,  
The exile left the place,  
For filial duty well discharged  
Shed sunshine o'er his face;  
And sweet as when on Bethlehem's vales  
He fed his fleecy flock,  
The dew of holy song distill'd  
Like honey from the rock.

“God is my light! Why should I fear,  
Though earth be dark with shade?  
God is the portion of my soul,  
Why should I be afraid?  
Unless his arm had been my stay  
When snares were round me spread,  
My strength had fainted and gone down  
To silence and the dead.

“Father and mother, dear and true  
The homeless one forsake,  
While like the hunted deer, my course  
From cliff to cliff I take.  
Though kings against my life conspire,  
And hosts in hate array’d,  
God is the portion of my soul;  
Why should I be afraid?”

## THE IVY.

BEAUTIFUL plant, clasping the ruin'd tower  
That Time hath wreck'd, and venturing fearless up  
Into the frosty sky! hast thou a heart  
For constant friendship, that thou thus dost dare  
Peril, and storm, and winter's tyranny,  
With changeless brow?

The lonely shaft that falls  
From its high place, thou in thy helpful arms  
Dost wind embracing, its disjointed stones  
Knitting with thy strong root-work, like a mesh  
Of living nerves.

The brown and gnarled trunk,  
Whose heart the worm hath eaten, thou dost deck  
As for its bridal, hiding every seam  
And wrinkle with thy broider'd drapery.  
The broken column mid the desert sands,  
Where dim antiquity hath dozed so long  
That slow oblivion stole the date away  
Which history seeks in vain, thou still dost gird

And cherish as a tender wife, who loves  
Best when all else forsake.

'Twas sweet to sit  
Beneath thy shade, and mark thee closely wrap  
The castellated domes of the old world ;  
For though within no habitants were found,  
Save noisome bats, or the gray, boding owl,  
Uttering her nightly shriek, yet thou untired  
Didst do thy pleasant work of charity,  
Feeding the glad birds with thy berries sere,  
That thickly nested mid thy niches green. .  
Art thou a Christian, Ivy,—thus to clothe  
The naked, and the broken heart to bind,  
And bless the old, and cheer the desolate ?  
A teacher sure thou art, and shouldst be rank'd  
Among the few who by example teach,  
Making a text-book of their own strong heart  
And blameless life.

And should we linger here,  
Till our props fall around us, and each rose  
Fades in our grasp, oh ! might one friend remain,  
Fond and unchanged like thee ; we scarce should heed  
The touch of wasting time.

Yea, should some stone  
Or funeral column chronicle our name,  
Stretch out thine arms, and wreath it, reaching forth

---

Thy freshly lustrous leaf, and showing all  
The young who wander there, how to be true  
In love, and pitiful to wo, and kind  
To hoary age, and with unswerving heart  
Do good to those who render naught again.

## THE AGED BISHOP.

A scene at the closing of a Convention in Virginia, by the venerable Bishop Moore.

THEY cluster'd round, that listening throng,  
The parting hour drew nigh,  
And heighten'd feeling, deep and strong,  
Spoke forth from eye to eye;

For reverend in his hoary years,  
A white-robed prelate bent,  
And trembling pathos wing'd his words,  
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love he urged the crowd  
Salvation's hope to gain,  
While, gathering o'er his furrow'd cheek,  
The tears fell down like rain.

He waved his hand, and music woke  
A warm and solemn strain;  
His favourite hymn swell'd high, and fill'd  
The consecrated fane.

---

Then from the hallow'd chancel forth,  
With faltering step, he sped,  
And fervent laid a father's hand  
On every priestly head.

And breathed the blessing of his God,  
And, full of meekness, said,  
"Be faithful in your Master's work  
When your old bishop's dead.

"For more than fifty years, my sons,  
A Saviour's love supreme  
Unto a sinful world, hath been  
My unexhausted theme:

"Now, see, the blossoms of the grave  
Are o'er my temples spread;  
Oh! lead the seeking soul to Him  
When your old bishop's dead."

Far waned the holy Sabbath-eve  
On toward the midnight hour,  
Before the spell-bound throng retired  
To slumber's soothing power;

Yet many a sleeper, mid his dream,  
Beheld in snowy stole  
That patriarch-prelate's bending form,  
Whose accents thrill'd the soul.

In smiles the summer morn arose,  
And many a grateful guest,  
Forth from those hospitable domes,  
With tender memories, press'd;

While o'er the broad and branching bay,  
Which like a heart doth pour  
A living tide, in countless streams,  
Through fair Virginia's shore,

O'er Rappahannock's fringed breast,  
O'er rich Potomac's tide,  
Or where the bold, resistless James  
Rolls on with monarch-pride,

The boats that ask nor sail nor oar,  
With speed majestic glide,  
And many a thoughtful pastor leans  
In silence o'er their side;



---

And, while he seems to scan the flood  
In silver 'neath him spread,  
Revolves the charge, "*Be strong for God*  
*When your old bishop's dead.*"

## THE RAINBOW.

MOUNTAIN! that first received the foot of man,  
Giving him shelter when the shoreless flood  
That whelm'd a buried world went surging by,  
I see thee in thy lonely grandeur rise ;  
I see the white-hair'd Patriarch, as he knelt  
Beside his earthen altar mid his sons,  
While beat in praise the only pulse of life  
Upon this buried planet.—O'er the gorged  
And furrow'd soil swept forth a numerous train,  
Horned, or cloven-footed, fierce or tame,  
While, mix'd with song, the sound of countless wings,  
His rescued prisoners, fann'd the ambient air.

The sun drew near his setting, clothed in gold,  
But on the Patriarch, ere from prayer he rose,  
A darkly-cinctured cloud chill tears had wept,  
And rain-drops lay upon his silver hairs.  
Then burst an arch of wondrous radiance forth,  
Spanning the vaulted skies. Its mystic scroll

Proclaim'd the amnesty that pitying heaven  
Granted to earth, all desolate and void.

Oh signet-ring ! with which the Almighty seal'd  
His treaty with the remnant of the clay  
That shrank before him, to remotest time  
Stamp wisdom on the souls that turn to thee.  
Sublime Instructor ! who four thousand years  
Hast ne'er withheld thy lesson, but unfurl'd,  
As shower and sunbeam bade, thy glorious scroll,  
Oft, mid the summer's day, I musing sit  
At my lone casement, to be taught of thee.  
Born of the tear-drop and the smile, methinks,  
Thou hast affinity with man, for such  
His elements and pilgrimage below.  
Our span of strength and beauty fades like thine,  
Yet stays its fabric on eternal truth  
And boundless mercy.

The wild floods may come,  
The everlasting fountains burst their bounds,  
The exploring dove without a leaf return,  
Yea, the fires glow that melt the solid rock,  
And earth be wreck'd : *What then ?* Be still, my soul ;  
Enter thine ark ; God's promise cannot fail ;  
For surely as yon rainbow tints the cloud,  
His truth, thine Ararat, will shelter thee.

## THE THRIVING FAMILY.

## A SONG.

OUR father lives in Washington,  
And has a world of cares,  
But gives his children each a farm,  
Enough for them and theirs.  
Full thirty well grown sons has he,  
A numerous race indeed,  
Married and settled all, d'ye see,  
With boys and girls to feed.  
So if we wisely till our lands,  
We're sure to earn a living,  
And have a penny, too, to spare  
For spending or for giving.  
A thriving family are we,  
No lordling need deride us,  
For we know how to use our hands,  
And in our wits we pride us.  
Hail, brothers, hail,  
Let nought on earth divide us.

---

Some of us dare the sharp north-east ;  
    Some, clover fields are mowing ;  
And others tend the cotton plants  
    That keep the looms a-going ;  
Some build and steer the white-wing'd ships,  
    And few in speed can mate them,  
While others rear the corn and wheat,  
    Or grind the corn to freight them.  
And if our neighbours o'er the sea  
    Have e'er an empty larder,  
To send a loaf their babes to cheer  
    We'll work a little harder.  
No old nobility have we,  
    No tyrant king to ride us ;  
Our sages in the Capitol  
    Enact the laws that guide us.  
    Hail, brothers, hail,  
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have, we can't deny,  
    A foible here and there ;  
But other households have the same,  
    And so we won't despair.  
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,  
    And call hard names, you see,

And what a shame 'twould be to part  
So fine a family !  
'Tis but a waste of time to fret,  
Since Nature made us one,  
For every quarrel cuts a thread  
That healthful Love has spun.  
Then draw the cords of union fast,  
Whatever may betide us,  
And closer cling through every blast,  
For many a storm has tried us.  
Hail, brothers, hail,  
Let nought on earth divide us.

## FLOWERS IN CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

THE flowers were beautiful to me  
When childhood lured the way  
Along the green and sunny slope,  
Or through the groves to stray.  
They were to me as playmates dear,  
And when upon my knee  
I whisper'd to them in their beds,  
Methought they answer'd me.

I bent to kiss them where they grew,  
And smiling bore away  
On lip and cheek the diamond dew  
That glittering deck'd their spray.  
The bud, on which no eye hath glanced,  
Save His who form'd its pride,  
Seem'd as a sister to my heart,  
For it had none beside.

Then countless gay and fairy forms  
Gleam'd by, on pinions rare,  
And many a castle's turret bright  
Was pictured on the air ;  
For Fancy held me so in thrall,  
And peopled every scene,  
That flowers might only fill the space  
A thousand joys between.

But as life's river nears its goal,  
And glittering bubbles break,  
The love of flowers is like his grasp  
Whom stronger props forsake,  
Who, drifting toward some wintry clime,  
Hangs o'er the vessel's side,  
To snatch one faded wreath of hope  
From out the whelming tide.

Like his, who on the isthmus stands  
Whose ever-crumbling verge  
Divides the weary race of time  
From death's advancing surge,  
And sees, to cheer its dreary strand,  
Pale Memory's leaflets start,  
And binds them as a blessed balm  
To heal his lonely heart.







## THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

I SAW a boy who towards his cottage home  
A heavy burden bore. The way was steep  
And rocky, and his little loaded arm  
Strain'd downward to its full extent, while wide  
The other horizontally was thrown,  
As if to counterpoise the painful weight  
That drew him towards the earth.

A while he paused  
And set his burden down, just where the path  
Grew more precipitous, and wiped his brow  
With his worn sleeve, and panting breathed long draughts  
Of the sweet air, while the hot summer sun  
Flamed o'er his forehead.

But another boy,  
'Neath a cool poplar in a neighbouring field,  
Sat playing with his dog; and from the grass  
Uprising, with light bound the coppice clear'd,  
And lent a vigorous hand to share the toil.  
So on they went together, grasping firm

The basket's handle with a right good will ;  
And while their young, clear voices met my ear,  
I recollected how the Bible said,  
"Bear one another's burdens," and perceived  
That to obey God's word was happiness.  
Then, as the bee gleans from the humblest flower  
Sown by the wayside, honey for her hive,  
I treasured up the lesson, and when eve  
Call'd home the labouring ox, and to its bed  
Warn'd the young bird, and shut the lily's cup,  
I took my little boy upon my knee,  
And told him of the basket-bearer's toil,  
And of the friend who help'd him.

When his eye  
Swell'd full and round, and fix'd upon my face,  
Taking the story to his inmost soul,  
I said, "My son, be pitiful to all,  
And aid them when thou canst.

For God hath sown  
Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy,  
Whose buds are virtues, such as bloom for heaven.

"If thy young sister weepeth, kiss the tear  
From her smooth cheek, and soothe with tender words  
Her swelling breast ; or if a secret thorn  
Is in thy brother's bosom, draw it thence ;

---

Or if thy playmate sorroweth, lend an ear,  
And share with sympathy his weight of wo.

“And when thou art a man, my little one,  
Still keep thy spirit open to the ills  
Of foreigner and stranger, of the race  
Whom Afric’s sun hath darken’d, and of those  
Poor red-brow’d exiles from our forest shades,  
Where once they ruled supreme.

Thus shalt thou shun  
That selfishness which, wrapp’d in its own pride,  
Forgets alike the Giver and the grief  
Of those who mourn.

So mayst thou ever find  
Pity and love in thine own time of need,  
If on thy young heart, as a signet-ring,  
Thou grav’st that motto from a Book Divine,  
‘Bear one another’s burdens, and fulfil  
The law of Christ.’”

## THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

THE west had shut its gate of gold  
    Upon the parting sun,  
And through each window's curtaining fold  
    Lamps glimmer'd one by one ;  
And many a babe had sunk to rest,  
And many a tender mother's breast  
    Still lull'd its darling care,  
When in a nursery's quiet bound,  
With fond affections circled round,  
    I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt ; its cherub face  
    Upraised with earnest air,  
And well devotion's heaven-born grace  
    Became a brow so fair.  
Yet seldom at our Father's throne  
Such glad and happy child is known  
    So tearfully to strive ;

---

For long, with trembling ardour fraught,  
That supplicating lip besought,  
    "Please God, let Lilly live."

And still went up the imploring strain,  
    That little couch beside,  
As if for "poor sick Lilly's pain,"  
    It could not be denied.  
E'en when the balm of slumber stole  
With soothing influence o'er the soul,  
    Like moonlight o'er the stream,  
The murmuring tone, the sobbing strife,  
The broken plea for Lilly's life,  
    Mix'd with the infant dream.

So Lilly lived, but not where time  
    Is measured out by woes;  
Not where stern winter chills the clime,  
    Or canker eats the rose.  
And she who for that darling friend  
In agonizing love did bend,  
    To pour the simple prayer,  
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart,  
That grieve the mourning parent's heart,  
    Lives with her Lilly there.

## THE VICTIM OF THE DEEP.

UNFATHOM'D main! who to thy dark embrace  
Hast taken the born of earth, the varied haunts  
Of his young boyhood's sport, the corn-clad fields  
Where erst he held the plough, remember him.  
Home and its many voices, wild with grief,  
Reproach thee for his absence, and demand  
Why he returns not.

For with vigorous step  
He left his cottage-door. Through his young veins  
The health-tide coursed, and in each compact limb  
Strength revell'd. And with such confiding joy  
He turn'd to thee, that scarce a mother's wo  
Woke one brief tear.

Who whispereth he is dead?  
*Dead!* And how died he?

Answer us, thou Sea!  
No doubt, thou fain wouldst hide the fearful tale,  
The plunge, the gasp, the agonizing pang  
With which thy treacherous policy was seal'd.



What right hadst thou, without one sound of knell,  
Or hallow'd prayer, or step of funeral train,  
In thy cold-hearted heathenism to take  
Him on whose brow the pure baptismal dew  
Was shed, which mark'd him of the fold of Christ?  
E'en now thou roll'st above him, with the play  
Of all thy crested waves, mocking the trust  
Which, from the footing of the firm, green earth,  
He drew to place on thee.

His boyish eye  
Thou lur'dst with pictures of the snowy sail  
Swelling in beauty, of the foreign port  
Replete with wealth, and of the glowing scene  
Of glad return. How hast thou kept thy pledge,  
Devouring main?

Oh! break thy sullen pause,  
And tell us how he died.

The storm was high,  
And, wrapp'd in midnight, mid the slippery shroud  
He miss'd his footing. Loose he swang and wide  
Over the boiling surge, a single rope  
Grasping convulsively, and on the blast  
Pouring wild cries for help.

The strain'd ship lurch'd,  
And from the billows rose a voice of prayer  
Unto redeeming love. A rope was cast,

Yet he beheld it not; a life-boat lower'd,  
But the shrill echo of his comrades' shout  
Sank 'neath the tumult of the thunder-blast,  
And cold death-silence settled where he strove  
Briefly, with panting breast.

Relentless Sea !

Doth it not grieve thee, that a broken heart  
Sinks heavy in a mother's breast for this?  
Or that a pale-brow'd maiden counts the hours,  
By sound of dropping tears ?

But there shall come

A blast of trumpet, and thy startled depths  
All the reft spoil of earth shall render back,  
Atom by atom.

Then mayst thou arise

In glorious beauty, Sailor-Boy ! and meet  
That Saviour's smile, whose name was on thy lip  
When broke the last wave o'er thee.

Mayst thou hear

His blessed welcome to a peaceful home  
Where there is no more sea.

## HAROLD AND TOSTI.

Tosti, a son of Earl Godwin, joined Hardrada, king of Norway, in an invasion of England, his native land, and fought against his brother Harold, the last of the Saxon monarchs, at the battle of Stamford-Bridge, September 25th, 1066.

ON England's shore, the pirate king  
Of Norway's frigid clime,  
From thrice a hundred beaked ships,  
Debark'd his men of crime ;  
While at his side the outlaw son  
Of proud Earl Godwin came,  
And many a child in terror shrank  
At dreaded Tosti's name.

King Harold led a dauntless host,  
For every loyal thane,  
Arousing at his country's call,  
Convoked a vassal-train ;  
And while green Autumn robed the vales,  
And corn was waving high,  
Those vengeful armies frowning met,  
Where Derwent murmur'd by.

But England's power, in mass compact,  
Was ranged o'er hill and dale,  
Solemn, and motionless, and dark,  
A mountain clothed in mail.  
Then Harold paused a moment's space,  
Ere shafts in blood were dyed,  
And of Earl Edwin ask'd, who rode  
In armour by his side,—

“Who wears yon scarf of azure dye,  
And helm of burnish'd gold?”

“Hardrada, prince of Norway's realm,  
A warrior fierce and bold.”

“And who is he, with towering head,  
Majestic, firm, and cool,  
Who casts around such eagle-glance,  
As he the world would rule?”

“The rebel of Earl Godwin's line ;”  
Yet spared the words to speak,  
*Thy brother*, for he saw the blood  
Forsake his sovereign's cheek ;  
And though he rein'd his prancing steed,  
His brow was pale as clay,  
That brow which ne'er had blanch'd before  
In battle's deadliest fray.

Fraternal memories o'er his heart  
Like softening waters flow'd,—  
The mother's kiss, the mother's prayer,  
Alike on both bestow'd.  
Then parted from his armed ranks  
A knight of noble mien,  
And waved a snowy flag of truce  
Those frowning hosts between.

“To Tosti, great Earl Godwin's son,  
King Harold bids me say,  
Why standst thou on thy native soil  
Amid its foes this day?  
I yield thee all Northumbria's realm,  
The choicest of my land;  
Lay down thine arms, disperse thy host,  
And clasp a brother's hand.”

But Tosti turned to Norway's king:  
“Behold my friend,” said he;  
“What is thy monarch's boon for him,  
If such his gifts to me?”  
“Thus Harold answereth Norway's lord,  
Troubler of earth and wave;  
Just seven good feet of English soil  
I yield thee for a grave.”

Then Tosti shouted, loud and wild,  
 He smote his buckler proud,  
 And spears and lances flash'd amain,  
 Like lightning from the cloud ;  
 And England's mail-clad cavalry  
 Rush'd on, with direst shock,  
 As strikes old Ocean's stormy surge  
 Against the fissured rock.

Then calmly from the English lines  
 Rode forth a mitred thane,  
 Wulstan,\* the bishop, wise and old,  
 Of Worcester's sacred fane ;  
 Though scarce the impetuous tide of war  
 Held back its panting wave,  
 While thus that white-hair'd man of peace  
 His sovereign's message gave :

“ Oh, Tosti ! by the memory dear  
 Of boyhood's early trace,  
 When thou wert victor at the ring,  
 And foremost in the chase,

---

\* Wulstan, the venerable Bishop of Worcester, had previously accompanied King Harold into Northumberland, where a violent insurrection was quelled, without an appeal to the sword, by the influence of his eloquence and piety. He was one of the most revered of the prelates, whom the early Saxon chroniclers were accustomed to designate as *mass-thanes*, to distinguish them from the barons, or *world-thanes*.

---

And by our parent's blessed love,  
That still its vigil kept,  
When, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart,  
On the same couch we slept ;

“E'en by the mercies of our Lord,  
Who for our sins did die,  
Spare the dire waste of blood, and take  
A brother's clemency.”

“Speed back, speed back, thou Saxon kern !  
And, if thy steed be slow,  
The swift-wing'd darts of glorious strife  
May chance to lay thee low.”

And with the rebel's echoed ire,  
A tide of crimson rolls,  
With clang of shield and cloven helm,  
And cry of parting souls.  
Nor stay'd that deadly passion-strife,  
Till o'er the ensanguined plain  
The flying Northmen wail'd their kind,  
With haughty Tosti slain.

Yet Harold, mid that triumph hour,  
His tent in sadness sought,

And deem'd the victory all too dear  
A brother's blood had bought :  
While, on that field, the bleaching bones  
For many a year did tell,  
Where Peace the angel strove in vain  
The demon War to quell.



## DREAMS.

REVERE the mind, so full of mystery,  
E'en in its passive hours. Behold it roam,  
With unscal'd eye and wide unfolded wing,  
While the tired body sleeps. Immortal guest!  
Our earthly nature bows itself to thee,  
Pressing its ear of flesh unto the sigh  
Of thy perturbed visions, if perchance  
It hear some murmur of thy birth divine,  
Thy deathless heritage.

Ah! dreams are dear  
To those whom waking life hath surfeited  
With dull monotony. When the long day  
Wends to its close, and stealthy evening steals,  
Like some lean miser, greedily to clutch  
Hope's wreath that morning gave, is it not sweet  
To close our eyelids, and to find the rose  
That hides no thorn, the gold that knows no rust,  
Scatter'd where'er we tread? Is it not sweet  
To 'scape from stern reality, and glide

Where'er wild fancy marks her fairy way  
Unlimited? If adverse fortune make  
Our pillow stony, like the patriarch's bed  
At lonely Bethel, do not pitying dreams  
Plant a bright ladder for the angels' feet,  
And change our hard couch to the gate of heaven,  
And feed our souls on manna, till they loathe  
Their household bread?

To traverse all unblamed  
Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby;  
To hear unearthly music; to inhale  
Ambrosial fragrance from the spicy groves  
That never fade; to see the tyrant tomb  
Unlock its treasure-valve, and freely yield,  
The loved, the lost, back to our glad embrace;  
To catch clear glimpses of the streets of gold,  
And harpers harping mid the eternal hills,  
These are the pastimes which the mind doth take  
While its poor clay companion slumbers deep,  
Wearied and worn.

If thou in wintry climes  
Shouldst exiled roam, thy very heart's blood chill'd,  
Lay but thy cold hand on a winged dream,  
And it shall bear thee straight with bounding pulse  
To drink the sunbeams of thine own blue skies,  
Where the young cottage children freely fill

Their pinafores with flowers. Should ocean swell,  
Or the eternal mountains stretch their bars  
'Tween thee and thy loved home, how strangely sweet  
To touch the talisman of dreams, and sit  
Again on thine own sofa, hand in hand  
With the most loved, thy children near thy side  
At their untiring play, the shaded lamp  
Shedding its quiet beam, while now and then  
The clock upon the mantelpiece doth speak,  
To register the diamond sands of time,  
Made brighter by thy joys. So mayst thou hold  
Existence in two hemispheres, and be  
Happy in both; yea, in each separate zone  
Have thine own castles, and revisit them  
Whene'er it pleaseth thee.

But more than this:

If thou wilt seek the fellowship of dreams,  
And fearless yield thee to their loving sway,  
And make them friends, they'll swiftly bear thee up  
From star to star, and let thee hear the rush  
Of angel-wings, upon God's errands speeding;  
And, while they make some silver cloud thy car,  
Will whispering tell thee that the unslumbering soul  
Wears immortality upon its crest,  
And, by its very power to soar with them,  
Proves that it cannot die.

## THE CLOCK AT VERSAILLES.

In the palace of Versailles, a clock, during the whole life of the reigning monarch, pointed with its motionless hands to the hour when his predecessor died, and was only to be again moved at the moment of his own death.

WHERE the halls with splendour glow,  
Where the gorgeous fountains throw  
    Fullest flood,  
There a chronicler of time,  
Wrapp'd in mystery sublime,  
    Mutely stood.

Like the finger on the wall  
That Belshazzar's festival  
    Dash'd with dread,  
Stern it bore the doom of fate,  
While the crowd with joy elate  
    Check'd their tread.

Fix'd as adamantine chain,  
Wilt thou never move again?

- 
- Then methought an inward strain  
Murmur'd low,  
“Blind with pomp or folly’s chase  
Call the king! He can trace  
The true answer in my face,  
He doth know.
- “When he struggleth long and sore,  
When he links to earth no more  
Hate or love,  
When his eye hath lost its light,  
When his hands grow stiff and white,  
Mine shall move.
- “When his crown availeth not,  
And the death-hues blear and blot  
Brow and cheek,  
When his tongue no more can frame  
Vaunt of power or moan of shame,  
Mine shall speak.
- “I shall speak—I shall move,  
While his fickle courtiers rove  
Far away;  
With my doom of fate and fear

For the new-made monarch's ear  
I shall stay."

Slow the murmur in the breast  
Died away, and there at rest,  
Still and stern,  
Stood that monitor sublime,  
Teaching truths that power and prime  
Shrink to learn.

## HEAVEN'S LESSON.

HEAVEN teacheth thee to mourn, O friend beloved;  
Thou art its pupil now. The lowest class,  
The first beginners in its school, may learn  
How to rejoice. The sycamore's broad leaf,  
Thrill'd by the breeze, the humblest grass-bird's nest,  
Murmur of gladness; and the wondering babe,  
Borne by its nurse out in the open fields,  
Knoweth that lesson. The wild mountain-stream  
That throws by fits its gushing music forth,  
The careless sparrow, happy though the frosts  
Nip his light foot, have learn'd the simple lore  
How to rejoice. Mild Nature teacheth it  
To all her innocent works.

But God alone  
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust  
This higher lesson to a voice or hand  
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!  
O sweet disciple, bow thyself to learn  
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,

Sharp though it be, to an unanswering breast,  
A will subdued. And may such wisdom spring  
From these rough rudiments, that thou shalt gain  
A class more noble, and, advancing, soar  
Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise.  
Yea, be a docile scholar, and so rise  
Where mourning hath no place.



## THE PRINCE OF EDOM.

1 Kings xi. 21.

THE warriors of David came down in their ire,  
And Edom was scathed with their deluge of fire ;  
O'er the wrecks of its throne roll'd oblivion's dark flood,  
And the thirst of its valleys was satiate with blood.

Its prince, a lone outcast, an orphan distrest,  
In the palace of Egypt found refuge and rest,  
And the queen's gentle sister, with eye like the dove,  
Became in her beauty the bride of his love.

Yet still, a dark shade o'er his features would stray,  
Though the lute-strings thrill'd soft and the banquet was gay ;  
For the land of his fathers in secret he pined,  
And murmur'd his grief to the waves and the wind.

“The voice of my country ! it haunteth my dreams,  
I start from my sleep at the rush of its streams ;  
Oh, monarch of Egypt ! sole friend in my wo,  
I would see it once more. Let me go ! let me go !”

“Wouldst thou hie to the desert, and couch with the bear?  
Or the lion disturb in his desolate lair?  
Wouldst thou camp on the ruins with brambles o’ergrown,  
While the blasts in their mockery respond to thy moan?”

“Know’st thou not that the sword of stern Joab was red  
Till the dukes of Idumea were slaughter’d and dead?  
Know’st thou not that his vengeance relax’d not, nor stay’d  
Till six moons wax’d and waned o’er the carnage he  
made?”

“I know that our roof-trees in ashes were laid,  
And the vine and the olive hew’d down from each glade;  
Yet still some pale sprouts from their roots may be seen,  
And the clefts of the rock with their foliage be green.

“I know that our virgins, so stately and fair,  
Who wreathed with the pearl and the topaz their hair,  
That our merchants, whose wealth with a monarch’s has vied  
In Phœnicia and Zidon in bondage abide.

“But roused by my trumpet, the captives shall haste  
From the far, foreign realms, where their life-blood they  
waste;  
From the walls of Azotus with speed they shall fly,  
And nest, like the bird, ’neath their own native sky.”

“O prince of red Edom, content thee, be still ;  
Of the treasures of Egypt partake at thy will ;  
See, thy wife lights thy bower with the wealth of her charms,  
And thy babe, as she names thee, leaps high in her arms.

“Thou know'st from thy realm all the people have fled,  
That the friends of thy childhood are cold with the dead ;  
Every drop of thy blood from that region is reft,  
No voice of thy kindred to welcome thee left.”

“Let me go, king of Egypt, to visit my slain,  
To weep o'er their dust, who revive not again ;  
Though nought in their courts save the lizard should glide,  
And the bat flap his wing in their chambers of pride,

“Yet still shall Mount Seir in his grandeur remain,  
Still the rivers roll on to the fathomless main,  
If no tone of the living should solace my wo,  
To the land of my birth, let me go, let me go.”

## THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

HE languish'd by the way-side, and fell down  
Before the noon-day. In his hand were flowers  
Pledged to his lady-love. Like her heart's joys,  
They died with him.

There was a widow'd form  
To whom the echo of his entering step  
Had been as music. All alone she sits,  
Tearful and pale. The world henceforth to her  
Is desolate and void.

Young Love may weep,  
But sunbeams dry its tears; and the quick pulse  
Of hope in Beauty's bosom doth o'ercome  
The syncope of grief. But unto Age  
Thus utterly bereaved, what now remains,  
Save, with bow'd head and finger on its lip,  
In solemn meekness and in sanctity,  
The Heavenly Pilot ever in its view,  
To pass the narrow strait that coldly bars  
Time from eternity?

## THE WISH OF THE WEARY WOMAN.

A FORM there was, still spared by time  
Till the slow century fill'd its prime;  
Stretch'd on its bed, with half-closed eye  
It mark'd uncertain shades flit by;  
Nor scarce the varied world of sound  
To the seal'd ear admittance found;  
While the worn brow, in wrinkles dark,  
Seem'd like the gnarl'd oak's roughen'd bark.

Oh! e'er did youthful beauty deck  
Those wither'd limbs, yon living wreck?  
Did blushes o'er that leathern cheek  
The warmth of wild emotion speak?  
Did rosy health that lip bedew,  
And kneeling love for favour sue?  
Alas! alas! for him who bears  
A hundred years earth's load of cares.

'Twere vain to ask, what legends old  
That brain might in its chambers hold;  
What pictures in its gallery fade,  
By Fancy touch'd or Hope portray'd;  
For Memory locks the cloister'd cell,  
And Silence guards the citadel;  
But still that weary woman's eye  
Doth gaze and fix on vacancy.

Yet the faint lungs spontaneous play,  
The heart's pulsations hold their way,  
And helpless to the garden borne,  
Or laid beside the blossom'd thorn,  
What time the vernal noontide hour  
Gave deeper life to shrub and flower,  
Methought a quickening influence stole  
O'er stagnant veins, and frigid soul.

A knell burst forth! From turret high  
Its mournful cadence floated by;  
E'en on that rigid ear it broke,  
And, strange to say, the tear awoke.  
Then lo! a hoarse, sepulchral tone,  
As when imprison'd waters moan,  
Moved the parch'd lips to utterance free,  
"Ah! when will that bell toll for me?"

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“All, all are gone! the husband dear,  
The loving child, the friend sincere.  
Once toward their graves with grief I prest,  
But now I bless their dreamless rest;  
For lone, amid a stranger-band,  
Sad relic of the past I stand;  
Dead at the root, a blasted tree;  
Ah! when will that bell toll for me?”

“Hath Death forgotten? To his halls  
Childhood and youthful prime he calls;  
In bowers of love, or domes of pride,  
He finds them, wheresoe'er they hide:  
Fain would they 'scape, but to his sight  
I hasten, and his shaft invite.  
Hath God forgot? I bend the knee,  
Oh, let that knell be toll'd for me!”

## THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

KNOW'ST thou the Leader of that band who toil  
The everlasting gospel's light to shed  
On earth's benighted climes ?

Canst tell the name  
Of the first Teacher in whose steps went forth,  
O'er sultry India, and the sea-green isles,  
And to the forest children of the West,  
A self-denying band, who counted not  
Life dear unto them, so they might fulfil  
Their ministry, and save the heathen soul ?

Judea's mountains from their breezy heights  
Reply, "We heard him when he lifted up  
His voice, and taught the people patiently  
Line upon line, for they were slow of heart."  
From its dark depths the Galilean lake  
Told hoarsely to the storm-cloud, how he dealt  
Bread to the famish'd throng with tender care,  
Forgetting not the body, while he fed



The immortal spirit; how he stood and heal'd  
Day after day, till evening shadows fell  
Around the pale and paralytic train,  
Lame, halt, and blind, and lunatic, who sought  
His pitying touch.

Mount Olivet in sighs  
Spake mournfully, "His midnight prayer was mine;  
I heard it, I alone, as all night long  
Upward it rose, with tears for those who paid  
His love with hatred."

Kedron's slender rill  
That bathed his feet, as to his lowly work  
Of mercy he went forth, still kept his name  
Securely hoarded in its secret fount,  
A precious pearl-drop!

Sad Gethsemane  
Had memories that it falter'd to repeat,  
Such as the strengthening angel mark'd appall'd,  
Finding no dialect in which to bear  
Their wo to heaven.

E'en Calvary, who best  
Might, if it would, our earnest question solve,  
Press'd close its flinty lip, and shuddering bow'd  
In silent dread, remembering how the sun  
Grew dark at noonday, and the sheeted dead

Came from their mouldering sepulchres, to walk  
Among the living.

But the bold bad host,  
Spirits of evil, from the lake of pain,  
Who held brief triumph round the mystic cross,  
Bare truthful witness, as they shrieking fled,  
“We know thee who thou art, the Christ of God:”  
While heaven, uplifting its eternal gates,  
With chant of cherubim and seraphim,  
Welcomed the Lord of glory entering in,  
His mission done.

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A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS  
CHILDREN.

COME, gather closer to my side,  
My little smitten flock,  
And I will tell of him who brought  
Pure water from the rock;  
Who boldly led God's people forth  
From Egypt's wrath and guile,  
And once a cradled babe did float  
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes  
Are wandering far and wide;  
Think ye of her who knew so well  
Your tender thought to guide?  
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore  
Your fix'd attention claim?  
Ah! never from your hearts erase  
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,  
My youngest infant dove ;  
Come, press your velvet cheek to mine,  
And learn the lay of love ;  
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,  
My poor deserted throng ;  
Cling as you used to cling to her  
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustom'd strain ;  
Come, warble loud and clear ;  
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,  
You're sobbing in my ear.  
Good-night—go say the prayer she taught  
Beside your little bed ;  
The lips that used to bless you there  
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide  
Amid the thorns of life,  
His care protect those shrinking plants  
That dread the storms of strife ;  
But who, upon your infant hearts,  
Shall like that mother write ?  
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?  
Dear, smitten flock, good-night !

## "SORROW AS ON THE SEA."

Jeremiah.

*"Sorrow as on the sea."*

O man of grief,  
Prophet! who in the troublous time of siege  
And famine, when the fierce Chaldean bands  
Invaded Israel, didst predict her fate  
And feel her vengeance, didst thou ever taste  
The sorrow of the sea? Strength reft away,  
The spirit melted, hope in darkness lost,  
And that eternal loathing, day by day,  
Born of those cruel tossings that forbid  
The tortured nerve upon its rack to rest,—  
For these, thy plaintive harp, that sang so well  
Of prison woes, must strike another string

Thunder upon the main!

Ho, mariner,  
For whom the landsman in his happy home  
Hath little feeling, mount the shrouds, go up

Into the inky blackness, dare the shaft  
Of heaven's red lightning on the pointed mast,  
Speck as thou art, which neither sea nor sky  
Own, or remember, mid their maniac strife.  
The good ship breasts the surge, intent, to bide  
The battle bravely. Yet, like hunted deer,  
It croucheth in the hollow of the sea,  
Until the full-mouthed billows drive it forth  
Reeling and scathed. Anon, the madden'd winds  
Pour out fresh forces, and with riven crest  
It rusheth desperate o'er the terraced wave,  
Vex'd by their dread artillery. O hearts  
Of human mould! that, soften'd by the love  
Of home and kindred, have endured the scourge  
Of Ocean's tempests, or upon the wreck,  
Week after week, held with untold despair  
Gaunt fellowship, ye might a tale unfold  
To daunt the dream, and turn the revel pale.

*Sorrow as on the sea!*

A woman mourns,  
Pale as the little marble form she folds  
Close in her arms, resisting all who touch  
The darling of her bosom.

“'Twill awake;  
It hath but fainted. The wild, rocking sea

Hath made it sick. I tell ye 'twill revive.  
Child! baby! look on me! 'Twill smile again."  
"Yes, mother, yes! but not below the skies."  
Spasm and convulsion seize her at the thought  
That the dear idol, whom but yesterday  
She cradled from the zephyr's roughen'd breath,  
Alone must to the unfathom'd depths go down,  
And for its little body find a bed  
Amid the scaly monsters of the deep.  
Yet so it is. And she must wend her way  
O'er the stern waves that made her desolate,  
To her far home again, having let fall  
Her soul's chief jewel in the trackless deep.

*Sorrow as on the sea!*

Ye know it not  
Who feel a firm foundation 'neath your feet,  
And sleep, unvex'd by waves. Death comes indeed,  
But smites you in the sacred place of graves,  
Where ye may lay your dead with solemn knell  
And tender sympathies of funeral train,  
And duly visit them, and dress their couch  
With blessed flowers, type of their rising day.  
Yea, from the gray-hair'd sexton on his spade,  
Bespeak your own turf-pillow where to lie,  
And rest beside them, when in God's good time

The pale death-angel comes to summon thee.  
True, there is grief on earth. But when ye drain  
Its cup of bitterness, give thanks to God  
If, in your pilgrimage, ye ne'er have known  
The sorrow of the sea.



## MUTATIONS.

As waves the grass upon the fields to-day,  
That soon the wasting scythe shall sweep away;  
As smiles the floweret in the morning dew,  
That eve's chill blast in blighted death may strew,  
Thus in brief glory spring the sons of clay,  
Thus bloom awhile, then wither and decay.

I saw an infant in its robe of white,  
The admiring mother's ever dear delight;  
It clapp'd its hands when tones of mirth went by,  
And nature's gladness glisten'd in its eye.  
Again I came—an empty crib was there,  
A narrow coffin, and a funeral prayer.

I saw a boy in healthful vigour bold,  
Nor summer's heat he fear'd, nor winter's cold;  
With dexterous foot he dared the frozen pool,  
His laugh rang loudest mid his mates at school.  
Again I came—his name alone was found  
On one low stone that crowns yon swelling mound.

I saw a gentle maid with beauty bless'd,  
In youth resplendent, and by love caress'd;  
Her clustering hair in sunny ringlets glow'd,  
Her red lips moved, and thrilling music flow'd.  
Again I came—her parents' halls were lone,  
And o'er her turf-bed rose the weeper's moan.

Oh boasted joys of earth! how swift ye fly,  
Rent from the heart or hidden from the eye;  
So through the web the weaver's shuttle glides,  
So speeds the vessel o'er the billowy tides,  
So cleaves the bird the liquid fields of light,  
And leaves no furrow of its trackless flight.

Dust tends to dust, with ashes ashes blend;  
Yet when the grave engulfs the buried friend,  
A few brief sighs may mark its yawning brink,  
A few salt tears the broken clods may drink,  
A few sad hearts with bursting anguish bleed,  
And pay that tribute which they soon must need.

*They soon must need!* But life's returning cares  
Sweep off the precious fruit that sorrow bears;  
The mourner drops his sable, and aspires  
To light anew ambition's smother'd fires,



A young & gentle maid with beauty blest  
In smiles resplendent and by love caressed.



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Bathe his worn brow with labour's wasting dew,  
And, sleepless, toil for heirs he knows not who.

Thus He who marks us in our vain career,  
In wisdom darkens what we hold most dear ;  
Shreds from our vine the bowering leaves away,  
And breaks its tendrils from their grovelling stay,  
That the rich clusters, lifted to the sky,  
May surer ripen for a world on high.

## OUR COUNTRY.

LAND of broad rivers and of ocean-lakes,  
Sky-kissing cliffs and prairies prank'd with flowers,  
That, seated on thy mountain-throne, dost hear  
The Atlantic and Pacific's mighty surge  
Battling against thy coast, and throw to each  
Thy snow-white sails, that visit every clime  
And kindred under heaven,—fair land! free land!  
How glorious art thou.

Mid thy cultured vales  
The sturdy reapers sing, garnering the corn  
That feedeth other realms besides their own.  
—Toil lifts his brawny arm, and takes the wealth  
That makes his children princes; Learning wins  
By studious lamp the better gold, that dreads  
Nor rust nor robber's wile; Art deftly brings  
Tissue and tincture and the fretted stone;  
Strange steeds of iron, with their ceaseless freight,  
Tramp night and day; while the red lightning bears  
Thy slightest whisper on its wondrous wing.

—Proudly thou spread'st thine eagle-pinion o'er  
The exiled, and the crush'd from every clime,  
Giving them welcome. May no vulture beak  
Transpierce thee for thine hospitality,  
But sons of strangers build thy walls, and call  
Thy gates salvation.

'Neath thy lofty dome  
'Tis good to linger, where, in conclave high,  
Convene the chosen from thy many States,  
Sages, and men of eloquence, who stretch  
Their line of travel through an empire's length  
To pour their wisdom at thy shrine, and make  
Thy union perfect. From the wind-swept hills,  
To where the rich magnolia drinks the breath  
Of fervid suns—from the great, beating heart  
Of the young, giant West, to where the East,  
Wrinkled with thought, doth nurse a nation's mind,  
They come to do thee honour. There, to list  
The grave debate, or catch the kindling thrill  
With which impassion'd eloquence maintains  
Thine equal laws, inspires the ardent prayer  
Of patriot love, that God would hold thee safe,  
And firmly knit thy children's hearts, to share  
One home, one destiny.

A mighty wind  
Doth shake the palaces of ancient time,

And voices mid the despot thrones are heard,  
Crying, as in Jerusalem of old,  
"Let us depart!" But thou, my blessed land,  
Like some fair hearth which hovering angels guard,  
Gather thine offspring round thee, and make bright  
Their hallow'd chain of love. Warn them to bear  
Each other's burdens, seek the common good,  
Be pitiful to error, and repress  
Each ruder breath that stirs to wrathful deeds.

Oh, beautiful and glorious! thou dost wrap  
The robes of Liberty around thy breast,  
And as a matron watch thy little ones  
Who from their cradle seek the village school,  
Bearing the baptism on their infant brow  
Of Christian faith and knowledge, like the bud  
That, at the bursting of its sheath, doth feel  
Pure dews, and heavenward turn.

There is thy strength,  
In thy young children, and in those who lead  
Their souls to righteousness. The mother's prayer  
With her sweet lisper, ere it sinks to rest—  
The faithful teacher mid a plastic group—  
The classic halls—the hamlet's slender spire  
From whence, as from the solemn gothic pile  
That crowns the city's pomp, ascendeth sweet



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Jehovah's praise—these are thy strength, my land!  
These are thy hope.

Oh! lonely ark, that rid'st  
A tossing deluge, dark with history's wrecks,  
And paved with dead who made not Heaven their help,  
God keep thee perfect in thy many parts,  
Bound in one living whole.

## REMOVAL OF AN ANCIENT MANSION.

WHERE art thou, old friend ?

When last

This familiar haunt I past,  
Thou didst seem in vigorous cheer,  
As like to stand as any here,  
With roof-tree firm, and comely face  
Well preserved in attic grace,  
On columns fair thine arches resting,  
Among thy trees the spring-birds nesting ;  
Hast thou vanished ? Can it be  
I no more shall gaze on thee ?

Casements whence the taper's ray  
Glitter'd o'er the crowded way,  
Where, embalm'd in fragrant dew,  
Peer'd the snowy lilac through ;  
Chimneys whence the volumed smoke  
Of thy warm heart freely spoke ;

Fallen and gone! No vestige left,  
Stone from stone asunder reft,  
While a chasm, with rugged face,  
Yawns and darkens in thy place.

Threshold! which I oft have prest,  
More a habitant than guest,  
For their blessed sakes who shed  
Oil of gladness on my head,  
Brows with hoary wisdom drest,  
Saints who now in glory rest,  
Fain had I, though tear-drops fell,  
Said to thee one kind farewell;  
Fain with tender, grateful sigh,  
Thank'd thee for the days gone by.

Hearth-stone! where the ample fire  
Quell'd old Winter's fiercest ire,  
While its blaze reflected clear  
On the friends who gather'd near,  
On the pictures quaint and old,  
Thou of quiet pleasures told;  
Knitting-bag, and storied page,  
Precepts grave from lips of age,  
Made the lengthen'd evening fleet  
Lightly, with improvement sweet.

Fallen dome! beloved so well,  
    Thou couldst many a legend tell  
    Of the chiefs, of ancient fame,  
    Who to share thy shelter came.  
    Rochambeau and La Fayette  
    Round thy plenteous board have met,  
    With Columbia's mightier son,  
    Great and glorious Washington.  
    Here with kindred minds they plann'd  
    Rescue for an infant land,  
    While the British lion's roar  
    Echoed round the leaguered shore.

    He, who now where cypress weeps,  
    On Mount Vernon's bosom sleeps,  
    Once in council grave and high  
    Shared thy hospitality,  
    When the sound of treason drear,  
    Arnold's treason, met his ear.  
    Heart that ne'er in danger quail'd,  
    Lips that ne'er had faltered paled,  
    As the Judas' image stole,  
    Shuddering, o'er his stainless soul,  
    And he sped, like tempest's shock,  
    On to West Point's perill'd rock.

Beauty here, with budding pride,  
Blossom'd into youth, and died;  
Manhood tower'd with ruling mind,  
Age in reverent arms declined,  
Bridals bright and burials dread  
From thy gates their trains have sped;  
But thy lease of time is run,  
Closed thy date, thy history done.

All are vanish'd, all have fled,  
Save the memories of the dead;  
These with added strength adhere  
To the hearts that year by year  
Feebler beat, and fainter glow,  
Till they rest in turf below;  
Till their place on earth shall be  
Blotted out, old dome, like thee.

Other fanes, 'neath favouring skies,  
(Blessings on them!) here may rise;  
Other groups, by hope be led,  
(Blessings on them!) here to tread;  
Yet of thee, their children fair  
Nothing wot, and nothing care.  
So a form, that soon must be  
Number'd with the past like thee,

Rests with pilgrim-staff awhile,  
On thy wreck, deserted pile,  
And the dust that once was thine  
Garners for affection's shrine.

## THE LOST LILY.

FAIN would I tell a tale of Wyoming  
In days long past. There was a rural home,  
Lonely, yet pleasant, near whose door a brook,  
Where water-cresses grew, went singing by.  
In its small garden, many a cultured bush  
Of ripening berries mingled here and there  
With spicy herbs, sage and the bee-loved thyme,  
While through thick boughs the blushing apple peer'd,  
Betokening thrift and comfort.

Once, as closed  
The autumn-day, the mother by her side  
Held her young children, with her storied lore.  
Fast by her chair, a bold and bright-eyed boy  
Stood statue-like, while closer, at her feet,  
Sate his two gentle sisters. One, a girl  
Of some seven summers, youngest, and most loved  
For her prolonged and feeble infancy.  
She lean'd upon her mother's lap, and look'd  
Into her face with an intense regard,

And the quick, intermitting sob that shows  
The listening spirit.

Pale she was, and fair,  
And so exceeding fragile, that the name  
Given by her wilder playmates, at their sports,  
Of "Lily of the Vale," seem'd well bestow'd.  
The mother told them of her native clime,  
Her own, beloved New-England; of the school,  
Where many children o'er their lessons bent,  
Each mindful of the rules, to read, or spell,  
Or ply the needle at the appointed hour;  
And how they serious sate, with folded hands,  
When the good mistress through her spectacles  
Explain'd the Bible.

Of the church she spake,  
With snowy spire, by elms o'er-canopied;  
And how the sweet bell, on the Sabbath morn,  
Summon'd from every home the people forth,  
All neatly clad, and with a reverent air,  
Children by parents led, to worship God.  
Absorb'd in such recital, ever mix'd  
By that maternal lip with precepts pure  
Of love to God and man, they scarcely mark'd  
A darkening shadow o'er the casement steal,  
Until the savage footstep and the flash  
Of tomahawk appall'd them.



Swift as thought  
They fled, through dell and thicket, closely track'd  
By grim pursuers. The frail mother, tax'd  
With the loved burden of her youngest born,  
Moved slowest, and they cleft her fiercely down;  
Yet with that impulse which doth sometimes move  
The sternest purpose of the red man's breast  
To a capricious mercy, spared the child.  
Her little struggling limbs, her streaming eyes  
Averted from the captors, her shrill cry  
Stealing in fitful echoes from afar,  
Deepen'd the mother's death-pang.

Eve drew on,  
And from his toil the husband and the sire  
Turn'd wearied home. With wondering thought he mark'd  
No little feet came forth to welcome him;  
No Lily of the Vale, who first of all  
Was wont to espy him.

Through the house he rush'd  
Empty and desolate, and down the wild.  
There lay his wife, all weltering in her blood,  
Upon the trampled grass. In vain he bore  
The form of marble to its couch, and strove  
Once more to vivify that spark of life  
Which ruthless rage had quench'd.

On that dread hour

Of utter desolation, broke a cry,  
"Oh, father! father!" and around his neck  
Two weeping children wound their trembling arms,  
Saved mid the thicket's tangled depths, to share  
The burden of his wo.

With tireless zeal,  
That sad dismember'd household sought the child  
Reft from their arms, and oft with shuddering thought  
Revolved the horrors that must mark her lot,  
If life were hers. And when the father lay  
In his last, mortal sickness, he enjoin'd  
His children never to remit their search  
For the lost Lily.

Years roll'd on their course ;  
The boy became a man, and o'er his brow  
Stole the white, sprinkled hairs. Around his hearth  
Were children's children, and one pensive friend,  
His melancholy sister, night and day  
Mourning the lost. At length, a rumour came  
Of a white woman found in Indian tents,  
Far, far away. A father's dying words  
Came o'er the husbandman, and up he rose,  
And took his sad-eyed sister by the hand,  
Blessing his household, as he bade farewell,  
For their uncertain pilgrimage.

They prest

O'er cloud-capp'd mounts, through forests dense with shade,  
O'er bridgeless rivers, swoln to torrents hoarse,  
O'er prairies like the never-ending sea,  
Following the chart that had been dimly traced  
By stranger-guide.

At length they reach'd a lodge  
Deep in the wilderness, beside whose door  
A wrinkled woman with the Saxon brow  
Sate coarsely mantled in her blanket-robe,  
The Indian pipe between her shrivell'd lips.  
Yet in her blue eye dwelt a gleam of thought,  
A hidden memory, whose electric force  
Thrill'd to the fount of being, and reveal'd  
The kindred drops that had so long wrought out  
A separate channel.

With affection's haste  
The sister clasp'd her neck. "Oh lost and found!  
Lily! dear sister! praise to God above!"  
Then in wild sobs her trembling voice was lost.  
The brother drew her to his side, and bent  
A long and tender gaze into the depths  
Of her clear eye. That glance unseal'd the scroll  
Of many years. Yet no responding tear  
Moisten'd her cheek, nor did she stretch her arms  
To answer their embrace.

"Oh, Lily! love!

For whom this heart so many years hath kept  
 Its dearest place," the sister's voice resumed,  
 "Hast thou forgot the home, the grassy bank  
 Where we have play'd? The blessed mother's voice  
 Bidding us love each other? and the prayer  
 With which our father at the evening hour  
 Commended us to God?"

Slowly she spake:

"I do remember, dimly, as a dream,  
 A brook, a garden, and two children fair,  
 A loving mother with a bird-like voice,  
 Teaching us goodness; then a trace of blood,  
 A groan of death, a lonely captive's pain;  
 But all are past away.

Here is my home,  
 These are my daughters.

If ye ask for him,  
 The eagle-eyed and lion-hearted chief,  
 My fearless husband, who the battle led,  
 There is his grave."

"Go back, and dwell with us,  
 Back to thy people, to thy father's God,"  
 The brother said. "I have a happy home,  
 A loving wife and children. Thou shalt be  
 Welcome to all. And these, thy daughters too,  
 The dark-eyed and the raven-hair'd, shall be

Unto me as mine own. My heart doth yearn  
 O'er thee, our hapless mother's dearest one.  
 Let my sweet home be thine."

A trembling nerve

Thrill'd all unwonted at her bosom's core,  
 And her lip blanch'd. But the two daughters gazed  
 Reproachfully upon her, to their cheek  
 Rushing the proud Miami chieftain's blood,  
 In haughty silence. So, she wept no tears;  
 The moveless spirit of the race she loved  
 Had come upon her, and her features show'd  
 Slight touch of sympathy.

"Upon my head  
 Rest sixty winters. Scarcely seven were past  
 Among the pale-faced people. Hate they not  
 The red man in their heart? Smooth Christian words  
 They speak, but from their touch we fade away  
 As from the poisonous snake.

Have I not said

Here is my home? and yonder is the bed  
 Of the Miami chief? Two sons who bore  
 His brow, rest on his pillow.

Shall I turn

My back upon my dead, and bear the curse  
 Of the great Spirit?"

Through their feathery plumes,

Her dark-eyed daughters mute approval gave  
To these stern words.

Yet still, with faithful zeal,  
The brother and the sister waited long  
In patient hope. If on her brow they traced  
Aught like relenting, fondly they implored,  
“Oh Lily! go with us!” and every tale  
That pour’d o’er childhood’s days a flood of light  
Had the same whisper’d burden.

Oft they walk’d  
Beside her, when the twilight’s tender hour,  
Or the young moonlight, blendeth kindred hearts  
So perfectly together. But in vain;  
For with the stony eye of prejudice,  
Which gathereth coldness from an angel’s smile.  
She look’d upon their love.

And so they left  
Their pagan sister in her Indian home,  
And to their native vale of Wyoming  
Turn’d mournful back. There, often steep’d in tears,  
At morn or evening, rose the earnest prayer,  
That God would keep in their lost Lily’s soul  
The seed her mother sow’d, and by His grace  
So water it that they might meet in heaven.

## TWILIGHT.

THERE is a dimness, like a doubt,  
That wrappeth earth and sky,  
When Day hath in its glory died,  
And ere the Night comes forth with pride  
Of sable majesty.

'Tis like the soft delay of Youth,  
Where Love hath built its throne ;  
A coy reluctance, ere it rest  
Entirely on another's breast,  
To be no more its own.

It is the gentle pause of Heaven,  
E'en as a mother mild,  
Before some new bequest is lent,  
Inquireth how the last was spent  
Of her forgetful child.

Then Conscience, like that fearful cry  
Mid Eden's deep repose,

“Where is thy brother?” turns its ray  
Upon the annal of the Day,  
That to its funeral goes.

Perchance, the queenly Moon descends,  
And lo! the haughty Sea  
On her pale face doth fix his eye,  
And bids his mightiest tides comply,  
And own her regency.

Yet Twilight gray to me is dear,  
More than the blushing Day,  
Or noontide’s plenitude of light,  
Or sober certainty of Night,  
Or Moon with silver ray.

For then, at scepter’d Memory’s call,  
Long buried years awake,  
And tread in charméd circles back,  
With music, o’er their flowery track,  
Their ancient seats to take.

And parted friends, of whom we say,  
In beds of clay they rest,  
Bend meekly down from glory’s sphere,  
And with their angel smile, or tear,  
Allure us to the blest.



## THE UNRIFLED CABINET.

"Then shall we no more look into our cabinet, and miss its treasures."—

BAXTER.

WHEN shall that time be? When?

So many buds

We shelter'd in the garden of our heart,  
Yet ere their young sheaths open'd to the sun,  
They curl'd their leaves and died, we shrink to fill  
Their vacant places, lest the same sharp grief  
And trouble come upon us. Life doth seem,  
With all its banners of felicity,  
Like the fair alcove of the bard, and seat  
Illusory, on which we find no rest.\*

In the mind's store-house, gold we had, and gems  
Gather'd from many a tome. The key we gave  
To Memory, and she hath betray'd her trust.

---

\* The author of the Night Thoughts had in his garden an alcove, with the representation of a seat so well painted as to deceive most observers. Near it was the inscription,

"Invisibilia non decipiunt."

The things unseen do not deceive us.

For when we ask of her, she saith that years  
And sleepless cares disturb'd her, till she lost  
Our stewardship of thought. When shall it be  
That we may hoard for intellect, nor find  
The work-day World, or stealthy Time, a thief?

Leases of tenements amid the sands  
And on the cloud, papers and bonds we had,  
In Earth's handwriting, well endorsed and seal'd  
By smooth-tongued Hope.

They're lost! The lock is forced!  
The casket rifled! All our treasures gone!  
And only a brown cobweb in their place,  
Spun by some mocking spider.

Still, ye say  
We may obtain a cabinet, whose hoard  
Robber, nor faithless friend, nor rust of years,  
Shall e'er invade.

When shall that time be? When?

When Heaven's pure gate unfoldeth, and thy soul  
Glides like a sunbeam through.

Then shall it be.

---

TALK WITH TIME AT THE CLOSE OF  
THE YEAR.

TIME, old Time, with the forelock gray,  
While the year in its dotage doth pass away,  
Come, sit by my hearth, ere the embers fail,  
And hang the scythe on yon empty nail,  
And tell me a tale 'neath this wintry sky  
Of the deeds thou hast done as its months swept by.

“I have cradled the babe in the churchyard wide;  
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride;  
I have cloven a path through the Ocean's floor,  
Where many have sunk to return no more;  
I have humbled the strong with their dauntless breast,  
And laid the old with his staff to rest.

“I have loosen'd the stone on the ruin's height,  
Where the curtaining ivy grew rank and bright;  
I have startled the maid in her couch of down,  
With a sprinkle of white mid her tresses brown;  
I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,  
And scatter'd the hoard of the miser's gold.”

“Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone  
On the riven heart and the burial-stone?”

“No, Love’s young chain I have twined with flowers,  
Have awaken’d a song in the rose-crown’d bowers;  
Proud trophies have rear’d to the sons of fame,  
And paved the road for the cars of flame.

“Look to yon child, it hath learn’d of me  
The word that it lisps at the mother’s knee;  
Look to the sage, who from me hath caught  
Intenser fire for his heavenward thought;  
Look to the saint, who hath nearer trod  
Toward the angel hosts near the Throne of God.

“I have planted seeds in the soul, that bear  
The fruits of heaven in a world of care;  
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright  
As the diamond drop in the realms of light:  
Question thy heart, hath it e’er confest  
A germ so pure, or a tear so blest?”

But the clock struck twelve from the steeple gray,  
And he seized his hour-glass, and strode away;  
Yet his hand at parting I fear’d to clasp,  
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,  
And read in the glance of his upward eye  
His secret league with Eternity.

## MAN'S THREE GUESTS.

A KNOCKING at the castle-gate  
When the bloom was on the tree,  
And the youthful master, all elate,  
Himself came forth to see.  
A jocund lady waited there,  
Gay was her robe, of colours rare,  
Her tresses bright to the zephyr stream'd,  
And her car on its silver axle gleam'd,  
Like the gorgeous barge of that queen of yore,  
Whose silken sail and flashing oar  
Sparkling Cydnus proudly bore.  
The youth, enraptured at her smile,  
And won by her enchanting wile  
And flatteries vain,  
Welcomed her in, with all her train,  
Placing her in the chiefest seat,  
While as a vassal at her feet  
He knelt, and paid her homage sweet.

She deck'd his halls with garlands gay,  
Bidding the sprightly viol play,  
Till by her magic power  
Day turn'd to night, and night to day,  
For every fleeting hour  
Bow'd to Pleasure as its queen;  
And so, that siren guest, of mirthful mien,  
Linger'd till the vernal ray  
And summer's latest rose had sigh'd itself away.

A knocking at the gate!  
And the lordling of the hall,  
A strong and bearded man withal,  
Held parley at the threshold-stone  
In the pomp of his estate.  
And then the warder's horn was blown,  
The ponderous bolts drawn one by one,  
And slowly in, with sandals torn,  
Came a pilgrim, travel-worn.  
A burden at his back he bare,  
And coldly said, "My name is Care!"  
Plodding and weary years he brought,  
And a pillow worn with ceaseless thought;  
And bade his votary ask of Fame,  
Or Wealth, or wild Ambition's claim,  
Payment for the toil he taught.

But dark with dregs was the cup he quaff'd,  
And mid his harvest proud  
The mocking tare looked up and laugh'd  
Till his haughty heart was bow'd,  
And wrinkles on his forehead hung, and o'er his path a cloud.

Again, a knocking at the gate  
At the wintry eventide,  
And querulous was the voice that cried,  
"Who cometh here so late?"  
"Ho! rouse the sentinel from his sleep,  
Strict guard at every loop-hole keep!"  
And "man the towers!" he would have said,  
But alas! his early friends were dead,  
And his eagle glance was awed,  
And a frost that never thaw'd  
Had settled on his head.  
But that thundering at the gate  
From morn till midnight late,  
Knew no rest,  
And a boding tone of fate,  
Like an owlet's cry of hate,  
Chill'd his breast.  
Yet he raised the palsied hand,  
And, eager, gave command  
To repel the threatening guest.

So the Esculapian band,  
In their armour old and tried,  
Were summon'd to his side,  
And the watchful nurses came,  
Whose lamp, like vestal flame,  
Never died.

But the tottering bulwarks their trust betray'd,  
And the old man groan'd as a breach was made ;  
Then through the chasm a skeleton foot  
Forced its way,  
And a fleshless hand to a shaft was put,  
And he was clay.









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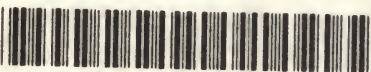
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